CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 42

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OCTOBER

COMICS

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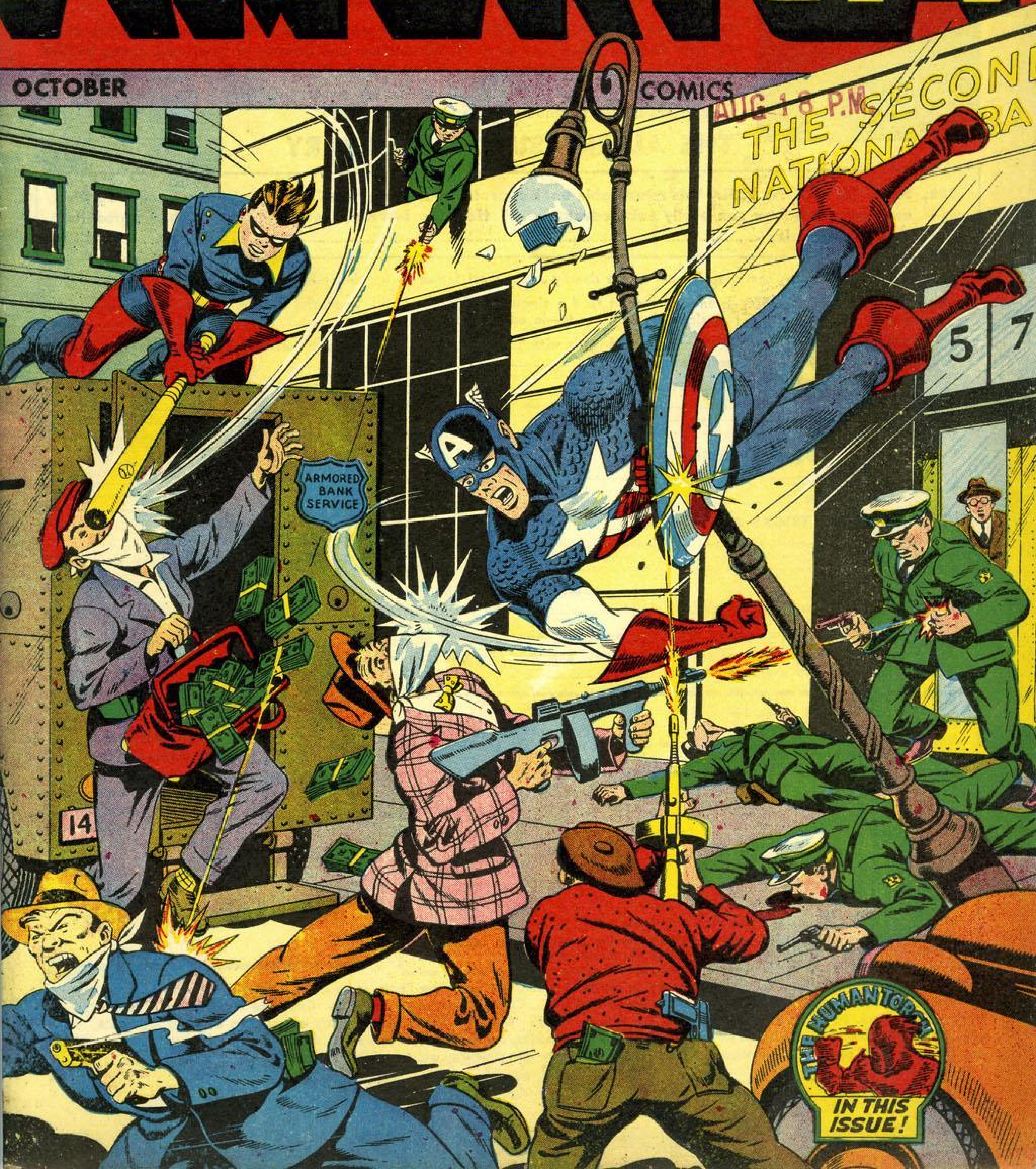
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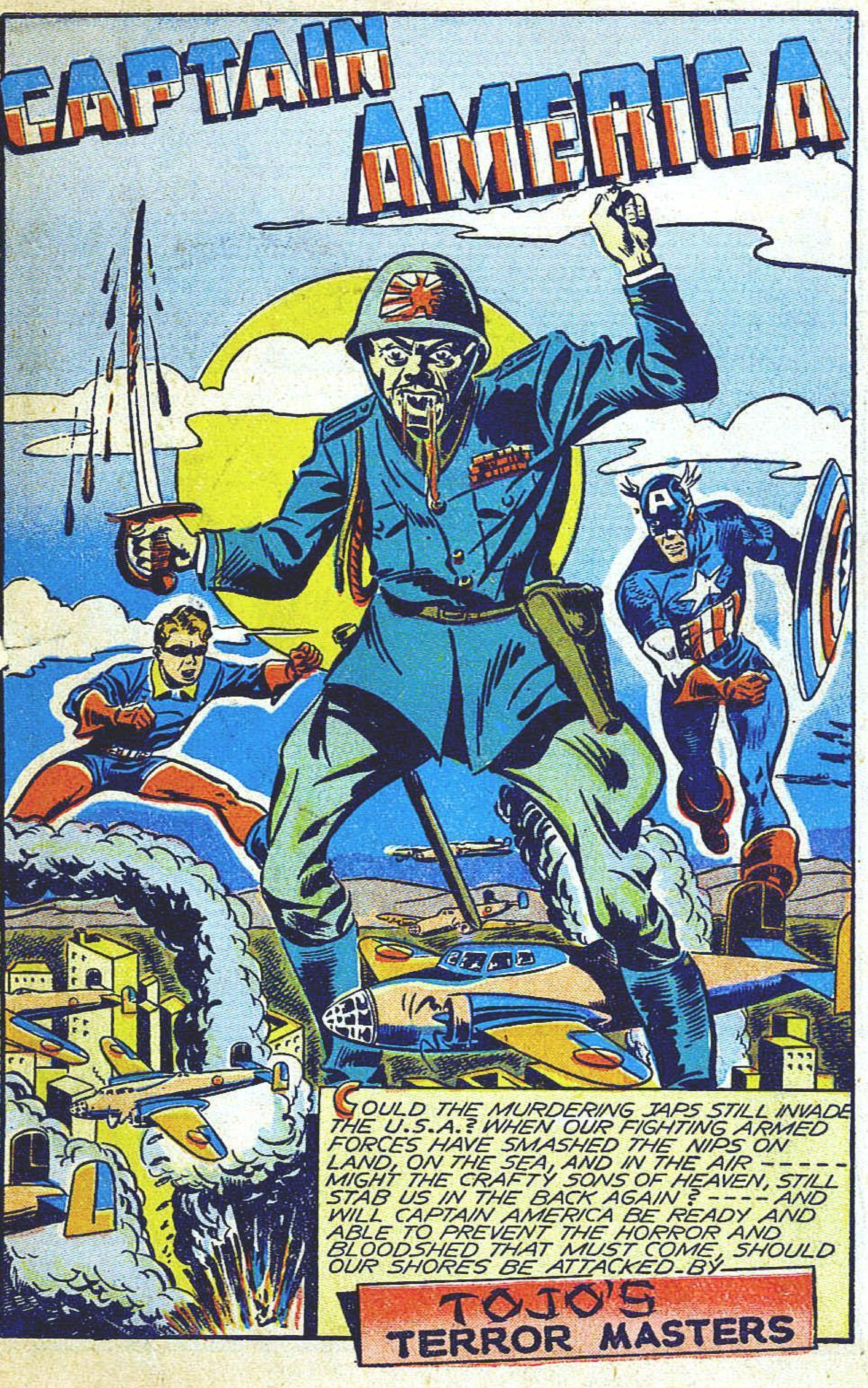
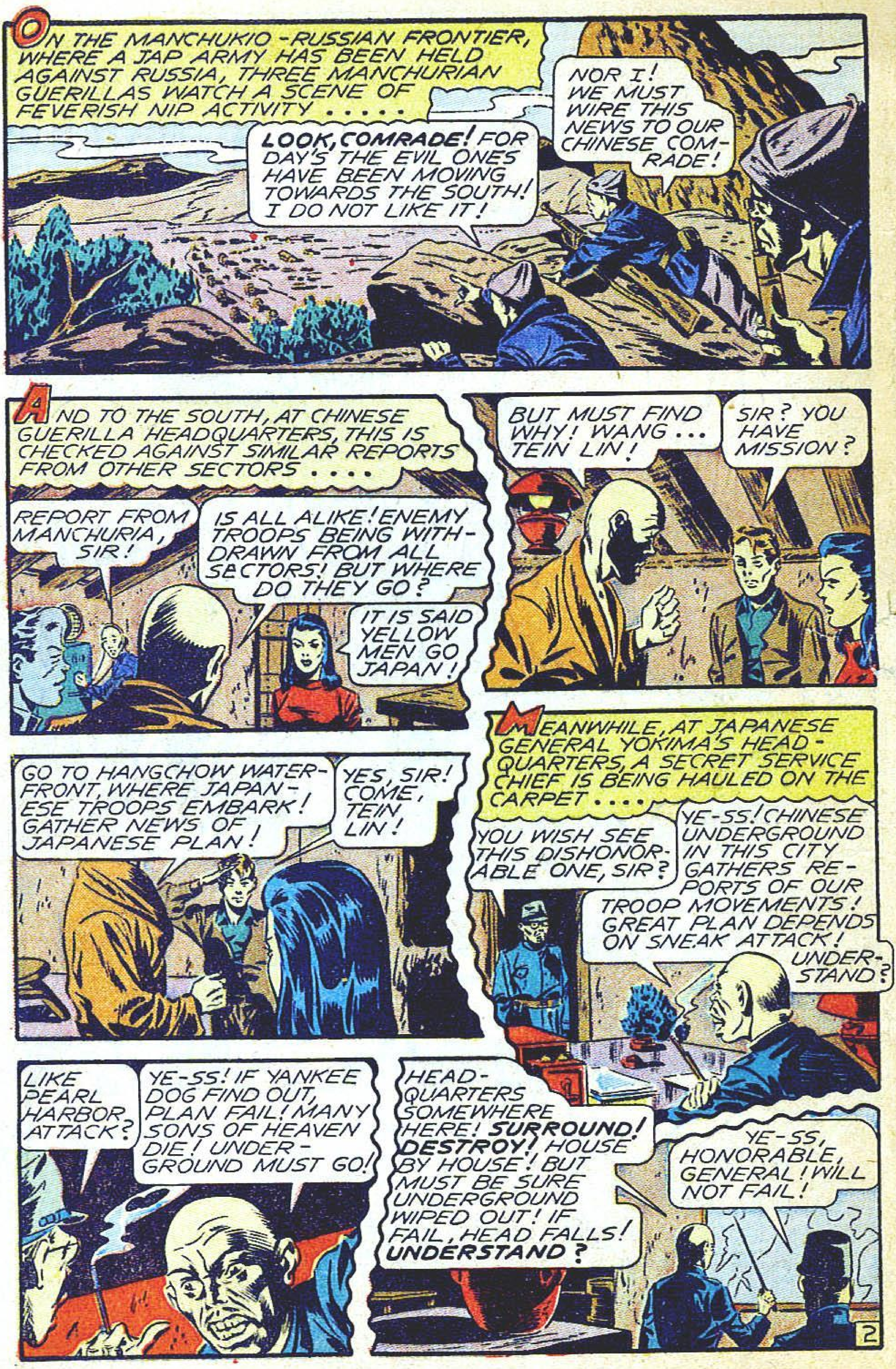
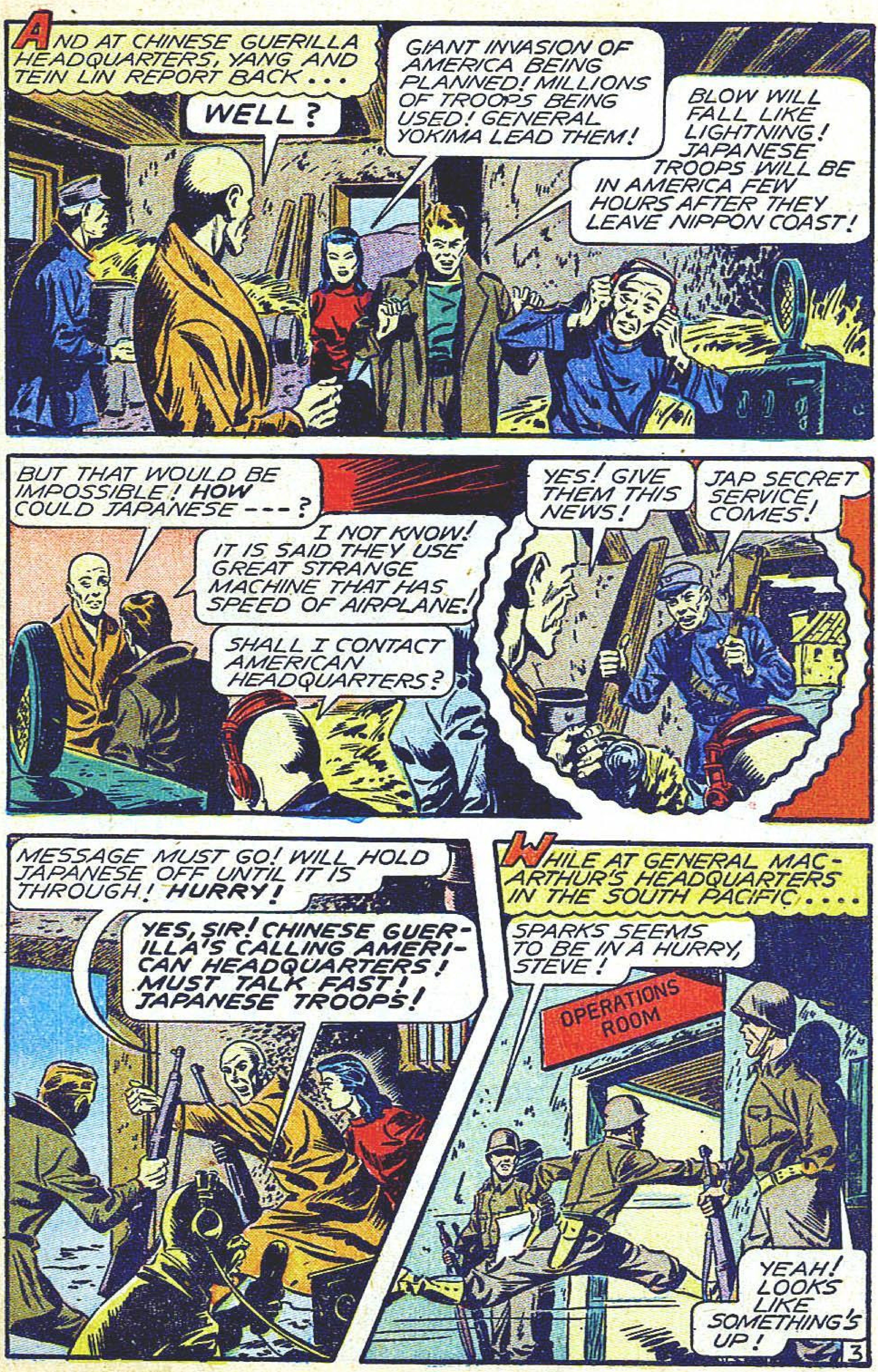
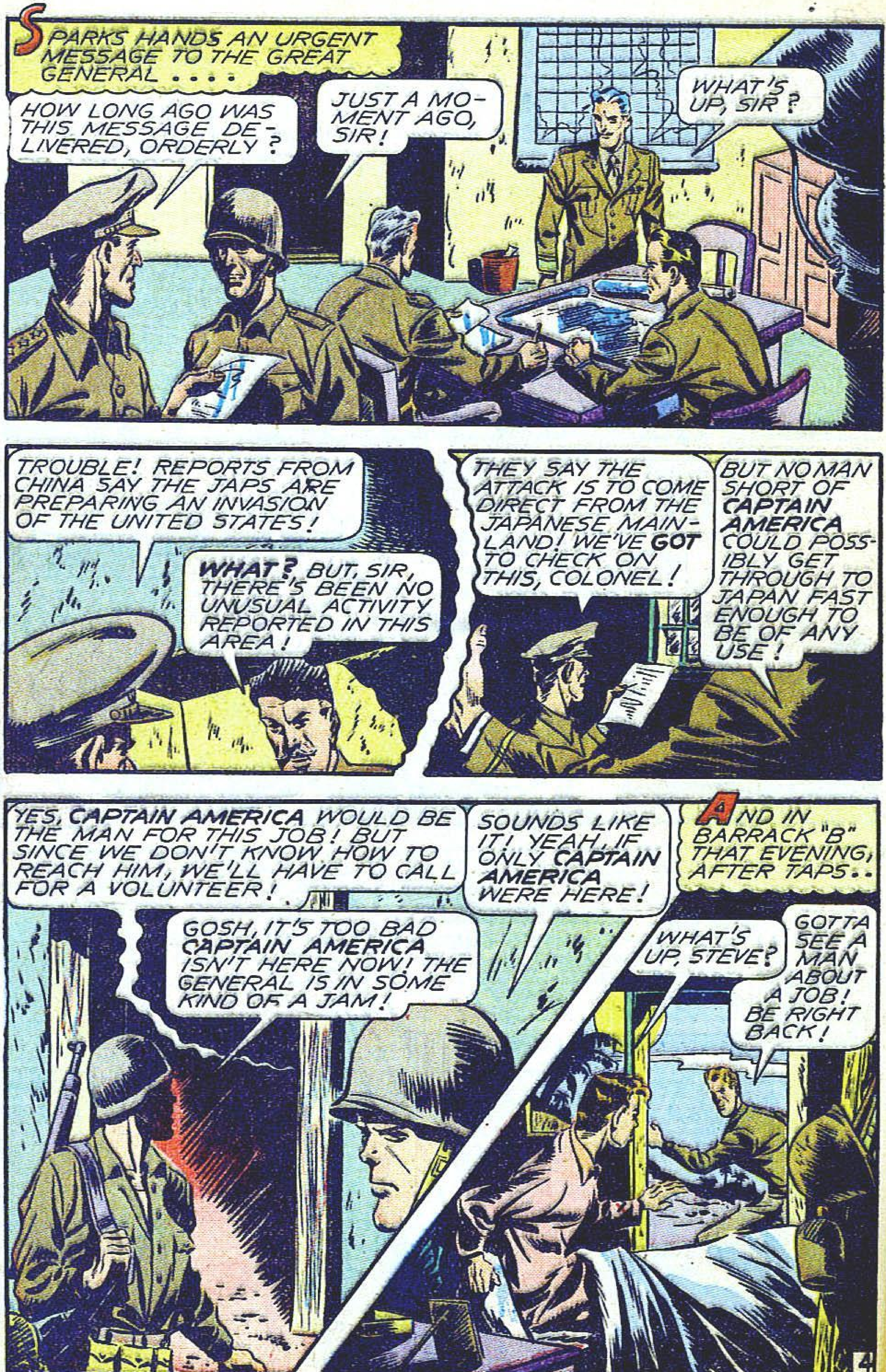
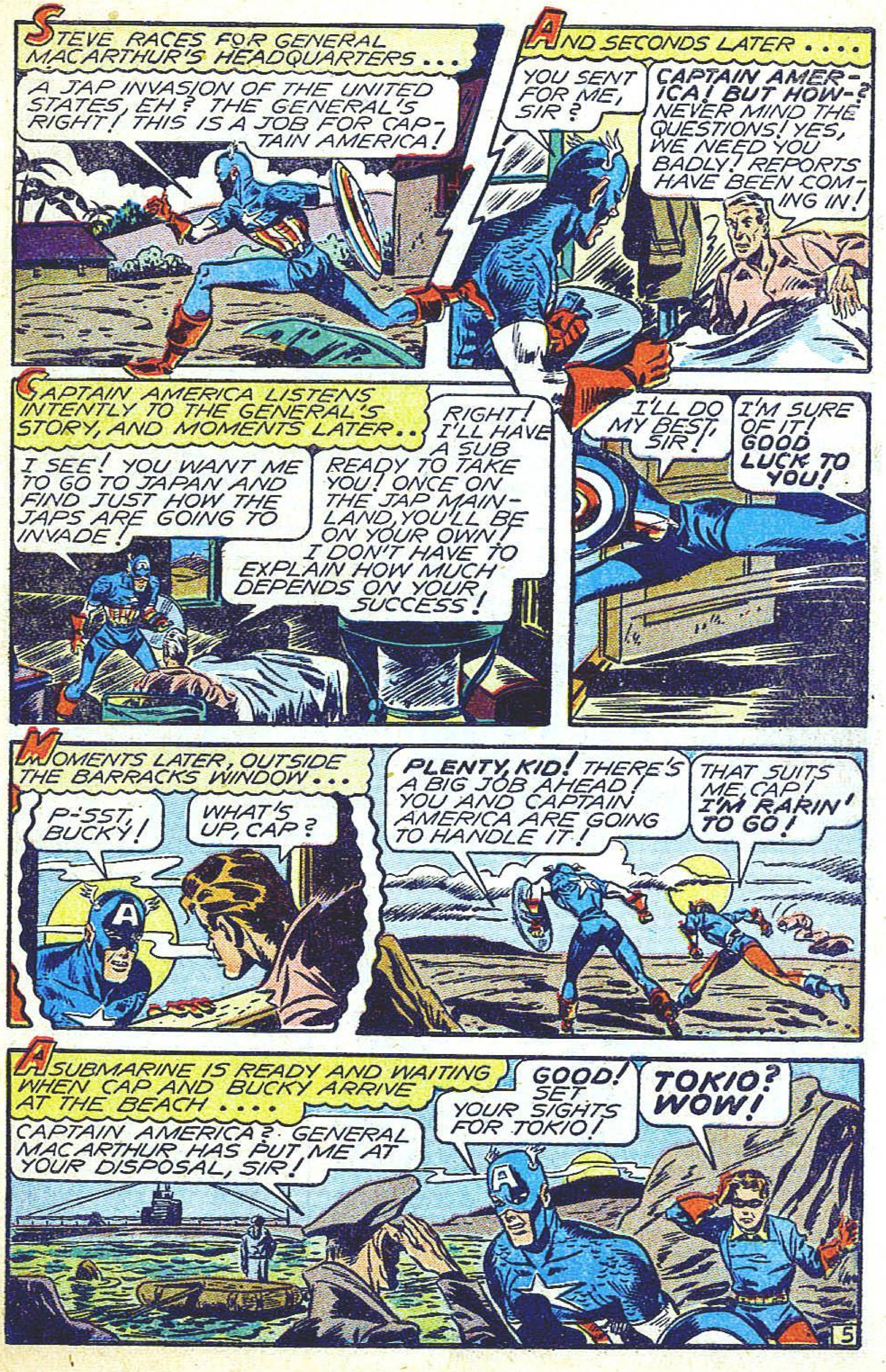
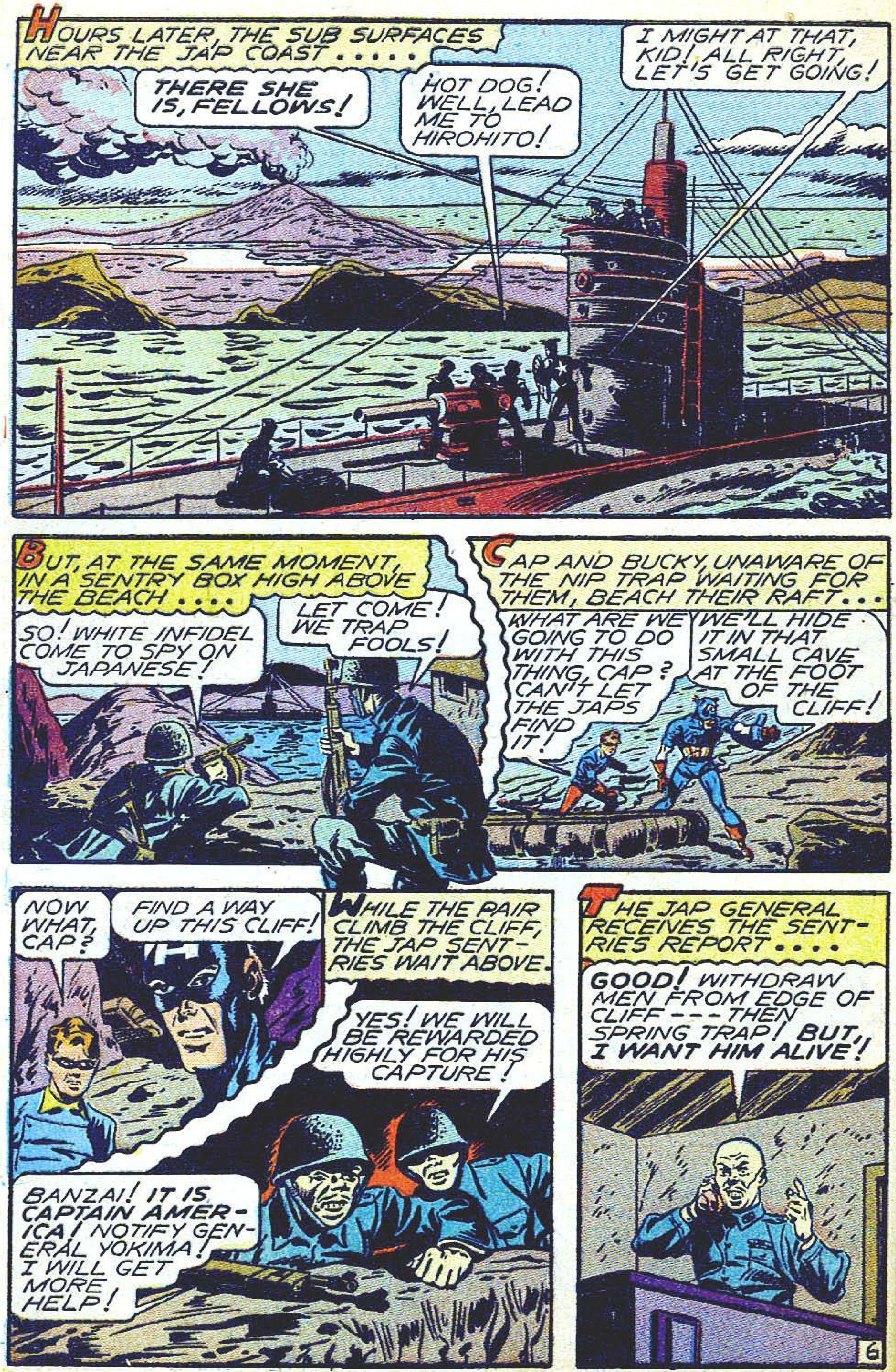

CAPTAIN AMERICA
COULD THE MURDERING JAPS STILL INVADE THE U.S.A.? WHEN OUR FIGHTING ARMED FORCES HAVE SMASHED THE NIPS ON LAND, ON THE SEA, AND IN THE AIR ----- MIGHT THE CRAFTY SONS OF HEAVEN, STILL STAB US IN THE BACK AGAIN? ---- AND WILL CAPTAIN AMERICA BE READY AND ABLE TO PREVENT THE HORROR AND BLOODSHED THAT MUST COME, SHOULD OUR SHORES BE ATTACKED BY—
TOJO'S TERROR MASTERS

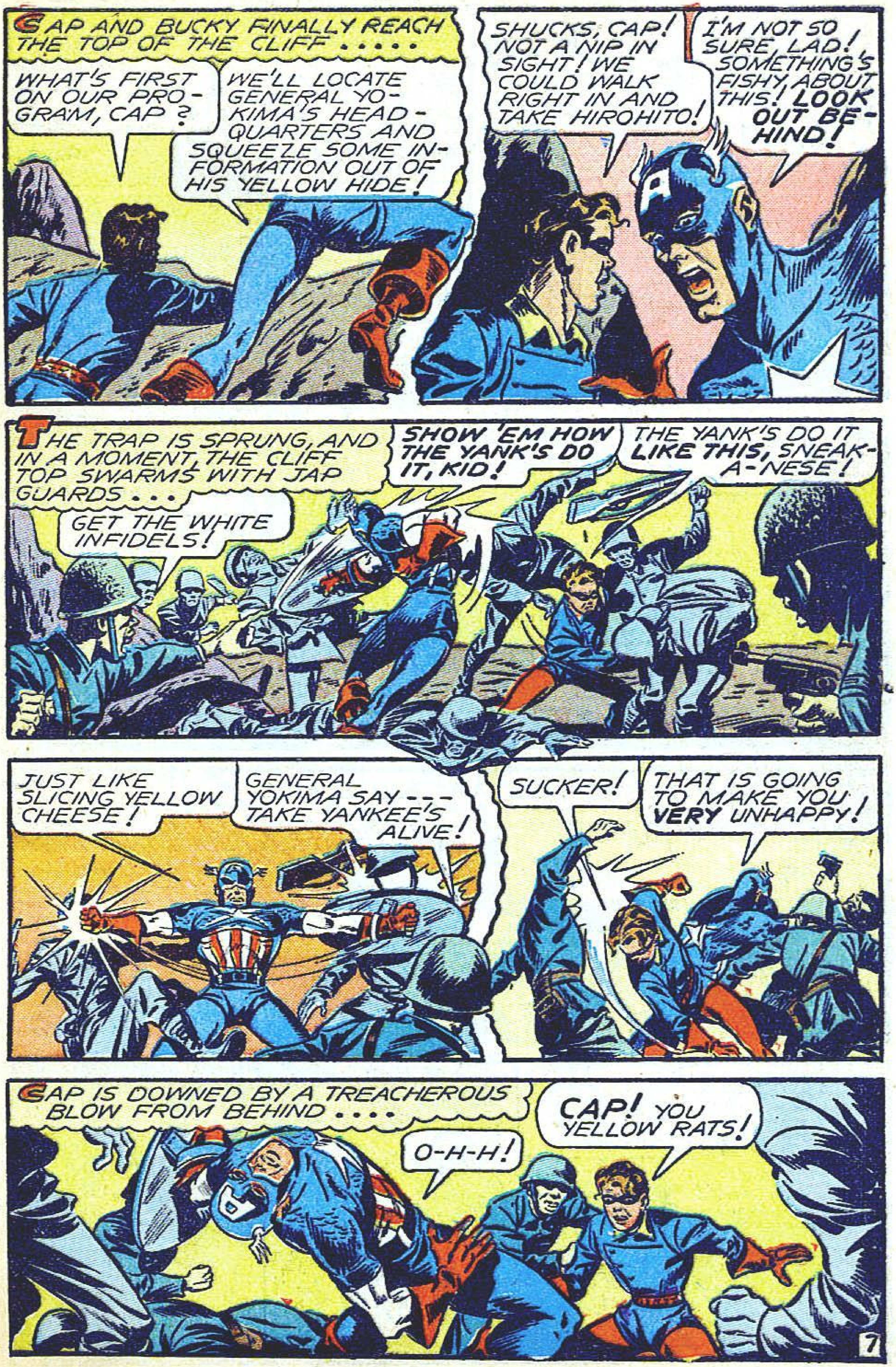

ON THE MANCHUKIO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER, WHERE A JAP ARMY HAS BEEN HELD AGAINST RUSSIA, THREE MANCHURIAN GUERILLAS WATCH A SCENE OF FEVERISH NIP ACTIVITY .....
LOOK, COMRADE! FOR DAY'S THE EVIL ONES HAVE BEEN MOVING TOWARDS THE SOUTH! I DO NOT LIKE IT!
NOR I! WE MUST WIRE THIS NEWS TO OUR CHINESE COMRADE!
AND TO THE SOUTH, AT CHINESE GUERILLA HEADQUARTERS, THIS IS CHECKED AGAINST SIMILAR REPORTS FROM OTHER SECTORS ....
REPORT FROM MANCHURIA, SIR!
IS ALL ALIKE! ENEMY TROOPS BEING WITHDRAWN FROM ALL SECTORS! BUT WHERE DO THEY GO?
IT IS SAID YELLOW MEN GO JAPAN!
BUT MUST FIND WHY! WANG ... TEIN LIN!
SIR? YOU HAVE MISSION?
GO TO HANGCHOW WATERFRONT, WHERE JAPANESE TROOPS EMBARK! GATHER NEWS OF JAPANESE PLAN!
YES, SIR! COME, TEIN LIN!
MEANWHILE, AT JAPANESE GENERAL YOKIMA'S HEADQUARTERS, A SECRET SERVICE CHIEF IS BEING HAULED ON THE CARPET ....
YOU WISH SEE THIS DISHONORABLE ONE, SIR?
YE-SS! CHINESE UNDERGROUND IN THIS CITY GATHERS REPORTS OF OUR TROOP MOVEMENTS! GREAT PLAN DEPENDS ON SNEAK ATTACK! UNDERSTAND?
LIKE PEARL HARBOR ATTACK?
YE-SS! IF YANKEE DOG FIND OUT, PLAN FAIL! MANY SONS OF HEAVEN DIE! UNDERGROUND MUST GO!
HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE HERE! SURROUND! DESTROY! HOUSE BY HOUSE! BUT MUST BE SURE UNDERGROUND WIPED OUT! IF FAIL, HEAD FALLS! UNDERSTAND?
YE-SS, HONORABLE, GENERAL! WILL NOT FAIL!

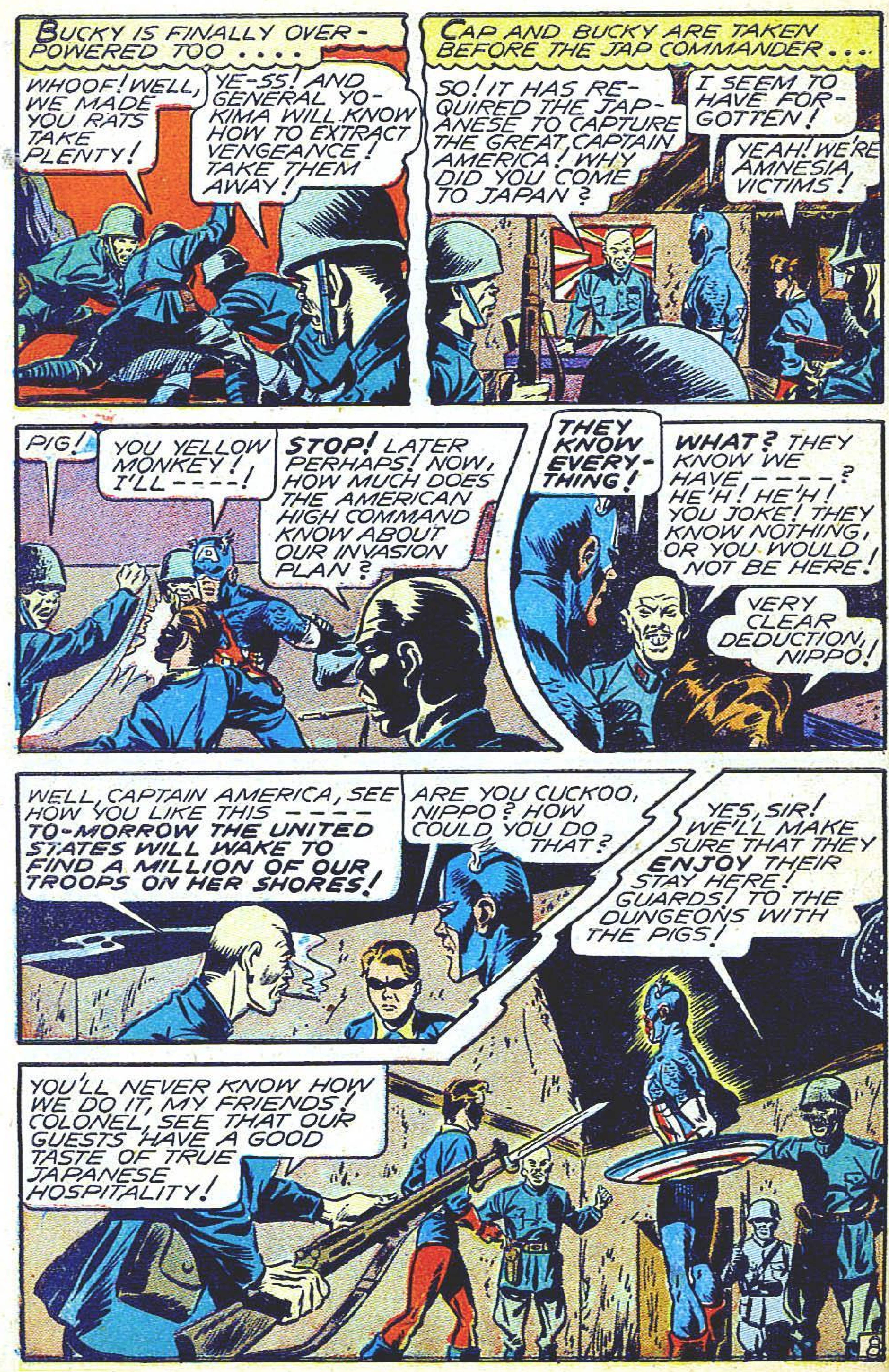

AND AT CHINESE GUERILLA HEADQUARTERS, YANG AND TEIN LIN REPORT BACK...
WELL?
GIANT INVASION OF AMERICA BEING PLANNED! MILLIONS OF TROOPS BEING USED! GENERAL YOKIMA LEAD THEM!
BLOW WILL FALL LIKE LIGHTNING! JAPANESE TROOPS WILL BE IN AMERICA FEW HOURS AFTER THEY LEAVE NIPPON COAST!
BUT THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! **HOW COULD JAPANESE ---?**
I NOT KNOW! IT IS SAID THEY USE GREAT STRANGE MACHINE THAT HAS SPEED OF AIRPLANE!
SHALL I CONTACT AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS?
YES! GIVE THEM THIS NEWS!
JAP SECRET SERVICE COMES!
MESSAGE MUST GO! WILL HOLD JAPANESE OFF UNTIL IT IS THROUGH! **HURRY!**
YES, SIR! CHINESE GUERILLA'S CALLING AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS! MUST TALK FAST! JAPANESE TROOPS!
WHILE AT GENERAL MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
SPARKS SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY, STEVE!
OPERATIONS ROOM
YEAH! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S UP!

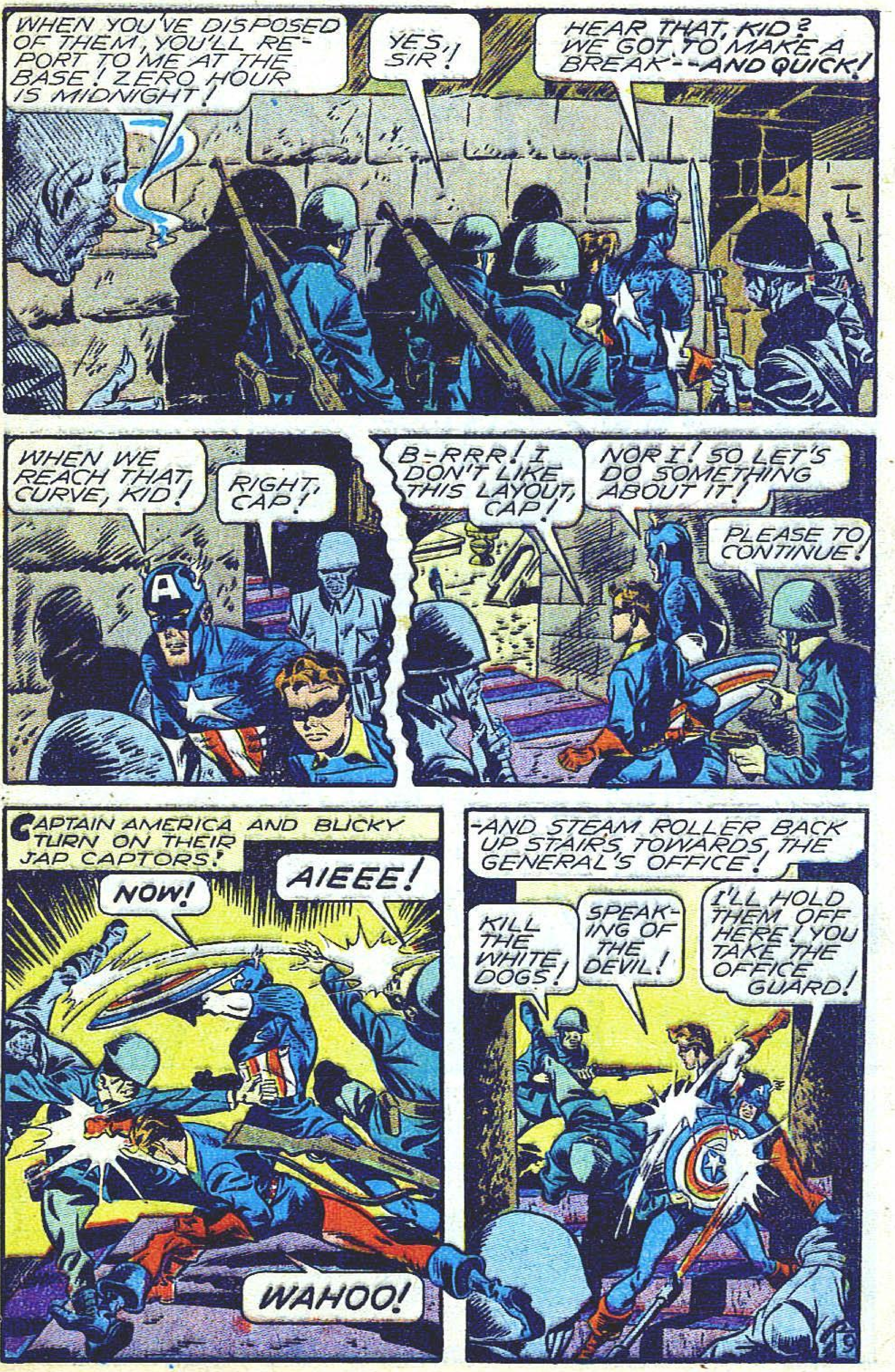

SPARKS HANDS AN URGENT MESSAGE TO THE GREAT GENERAL....
HOW LONG AGO WAS THIS MESSAGE DELIVERED, ORDERLY?
JUST A MOMENT AGO, SIR!
WHAT'S UP, SIR?
TROUBLE! REPORTS FROM CHINA SAY THE JAPS ARE PREPARING AN INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES!
WHAT? BUT, SIR, THERE'S BEEN NO UNUSUAL ACTIVITY REPORTED IN THIS AREA!
THEY SAY THE ATTACK IS TO COME DIRECT FROM THE JAPANESE MAINLAND! WE'VE **GOT** TO CHECK ON THIS, COLONEL!
BUT NO MAN SHORT OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA** COULD POSSIBLY GET THROUGH TO JAPAN FAST ENOUGH TO BE OF ANY USE!
YES, **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WOULD BE THE MAN FOR THIS JOB! BUT SINCE WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO REACH HIM, WE'LL HAVE TO CALL FOR A VOLUNTEER!
GOSH, IT'S TOO BAD **CAPTAIN AMERICA** ISN'T HERE NOW! THE GENERAL IS IN SOME KIND OF A JAM!
SOUNDS LIKE IT! YEAH, IF ONLY **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WERE HERE!
AND IN BARRACK "B" THAT EVENING, AFTER TAPS..
WHAT'S UP, STEVE?
GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A JOB! BE RIGHT BACK!

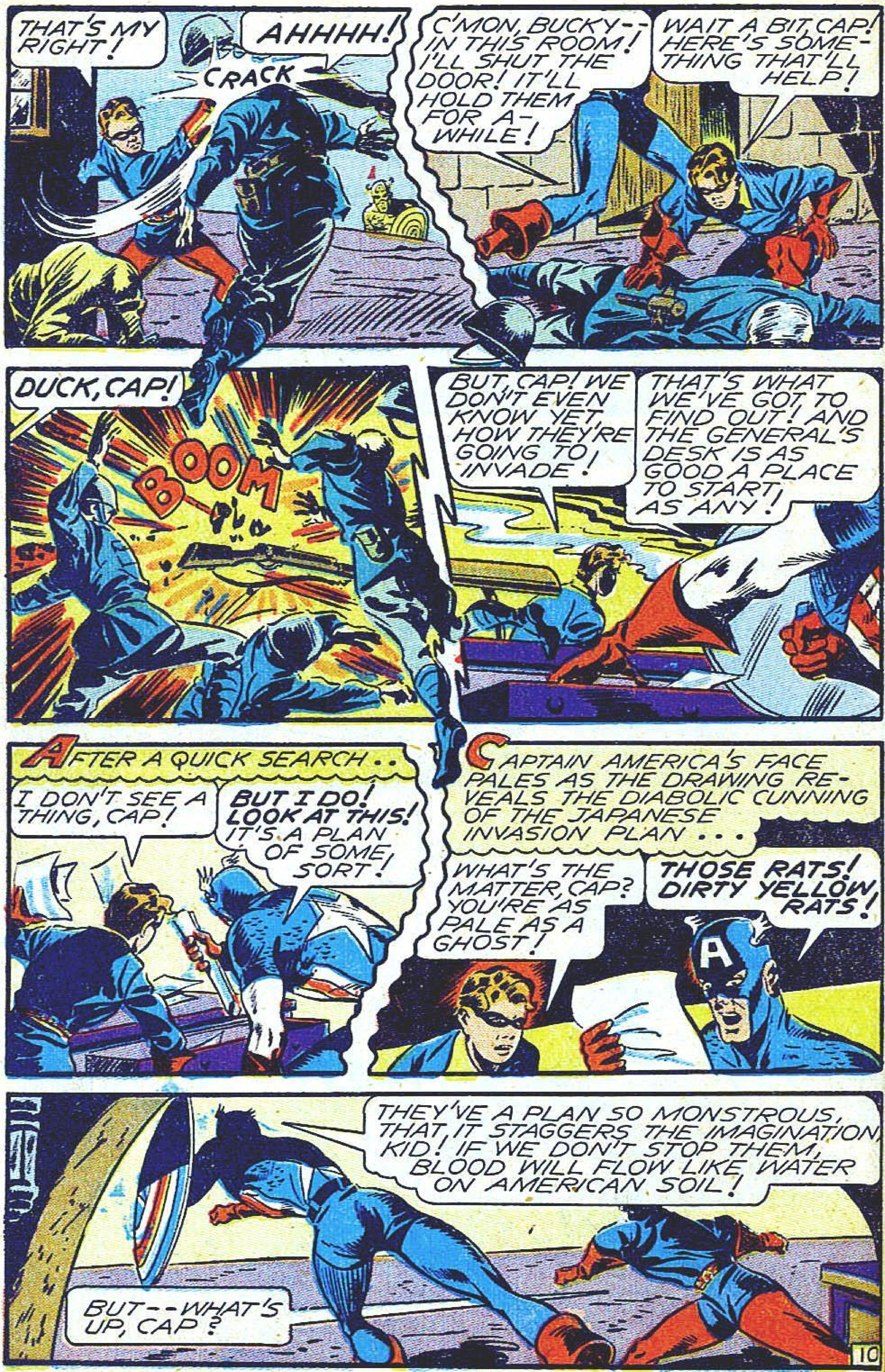

STEVE RACES FOR GENERAL MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS . . .
A JAP INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES, EH? THE GENERAL'S RIGHT! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AND SECONDS LATER . . . .
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! BUT HOW-? NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS! YES, WE NEED YOU BADLY! REPORTS HAVE BEEN COMING IN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE GENERAL'S STORY, AND MOMENTS LATER . .
I SEE! YOU WANT ME TO GO TO JAPAN AND FIND JUST HOW THE JAPS ARE GOING TO INVADE!
RIGHT! I'LL HAVE A SUB READY TO TAKE YOU! ONCE ON THE JAP MAINLAND, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN! I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN HOW MUCH DEPENDS ON YOUR SUCCESS!
I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!
I'M SURE OF IT! GOOD LUCK TO YOU!
MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS WINDOW . . .
P-SST, BUCKY!
WHAT'S UP, CAP?
PLENTY, KID! THERE'S A BIG JOB AHEAD! YOU AND CAPTAIN AMERICA ARE GOING TO HANDLE IT!
THAT SUITS ME, CAP! I'M RARIN' TO GO!
A SUBMARINE IS READY AND WAITING WHEN CAP AND BUCKY ARRIVE AT THE BEACH . . . .
CAPTAIN AMERICA? GENERAL MACARTHUR HAS PUT ME AT YOUR DISPOSAL, SIR!
GOOD! SET YOUR SIGHTS FOR TOKIO!
TOKIO? WOW!

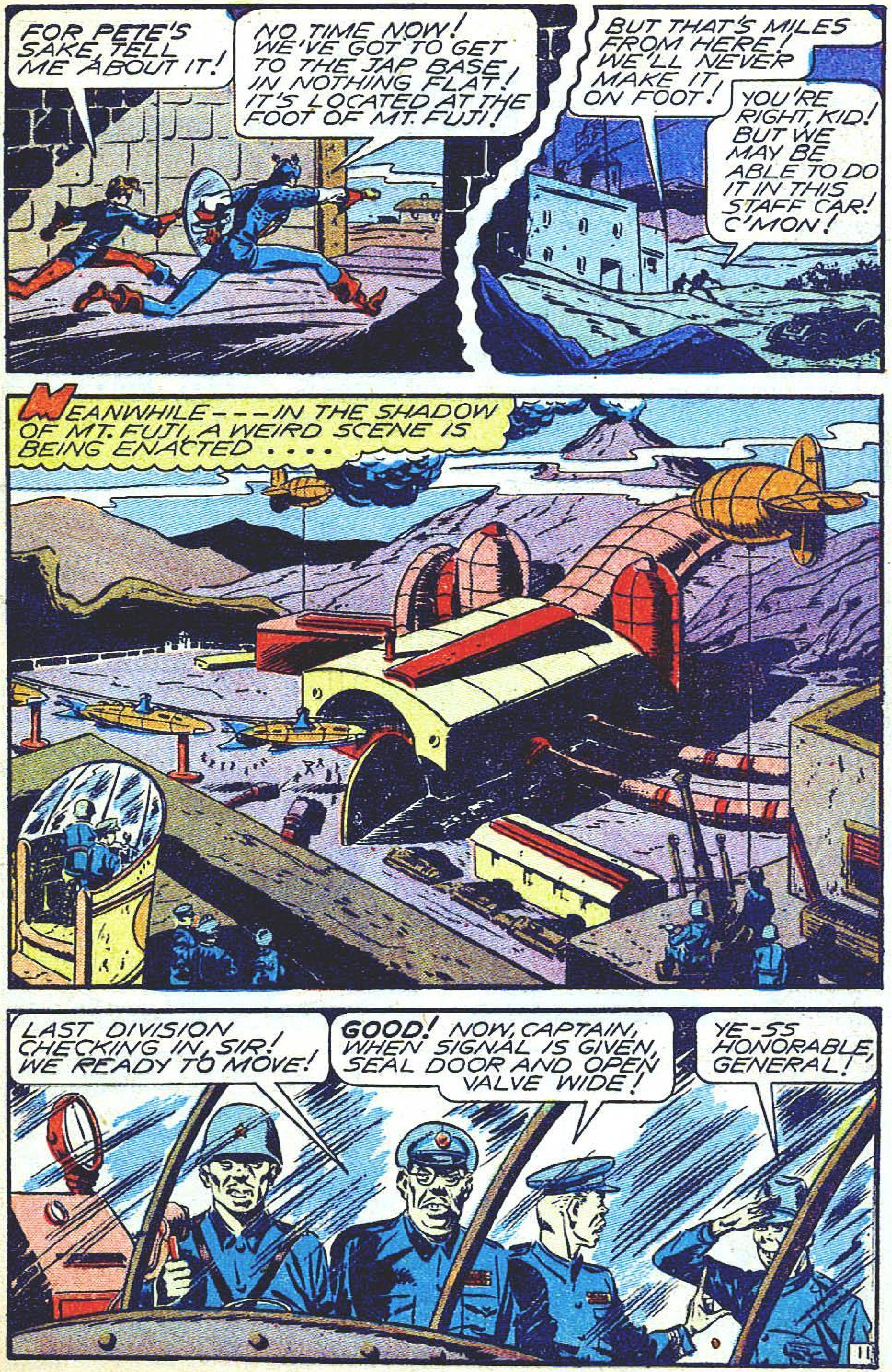

HOURS LATER, THE SUB SURFACES NEAR THE JAP COAST . . . . .
THERE SHE IS, FELLOWS!
HOT DOG! WELL, LEAD ME TO HIROHITO!
I MIGHT AT THAT, KID! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET GOING!
BUT, AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN A SENTRY BOX HIGH ABOVE THE BEACH . . . .
SO! WHITE INFIDEL COME TO SPY ON JAPANESE!
LET COME! WE TRAP FOOLS!
CAP AND BUCKY, UNAWARE OF THE NIP TRAP WAITING FOR THEM, BEACH THEIR RAFT . . .
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THIS THING, CAP? CAN'T LET THE JAPS FIND IT!
WE'LL HIDE IT IN THAT SMALL CAVE AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF!
NOW WHAT, CAP?
FIND A WAY UP THIS CLIFF!
WHILE THE PAIR CLIMB THE CLIFF, THE JAP SENTRIES WAIT ABOVE.
YES! WE WILL BE REWARDED HIGHLY FOR HIS CAPTURE!
BANZAI! IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOTIFY GENERAL YOKIMA! I WILL GET MORE HELP!
THE JAP GENERAL RECEIVES THE SENTRIES REPORT . . . .
GOOD! WITHDRAW MEN FROM EDGE OF CLIFF --- THEN SPRING TRAP! BUT, I WANT HIM ALIVE!

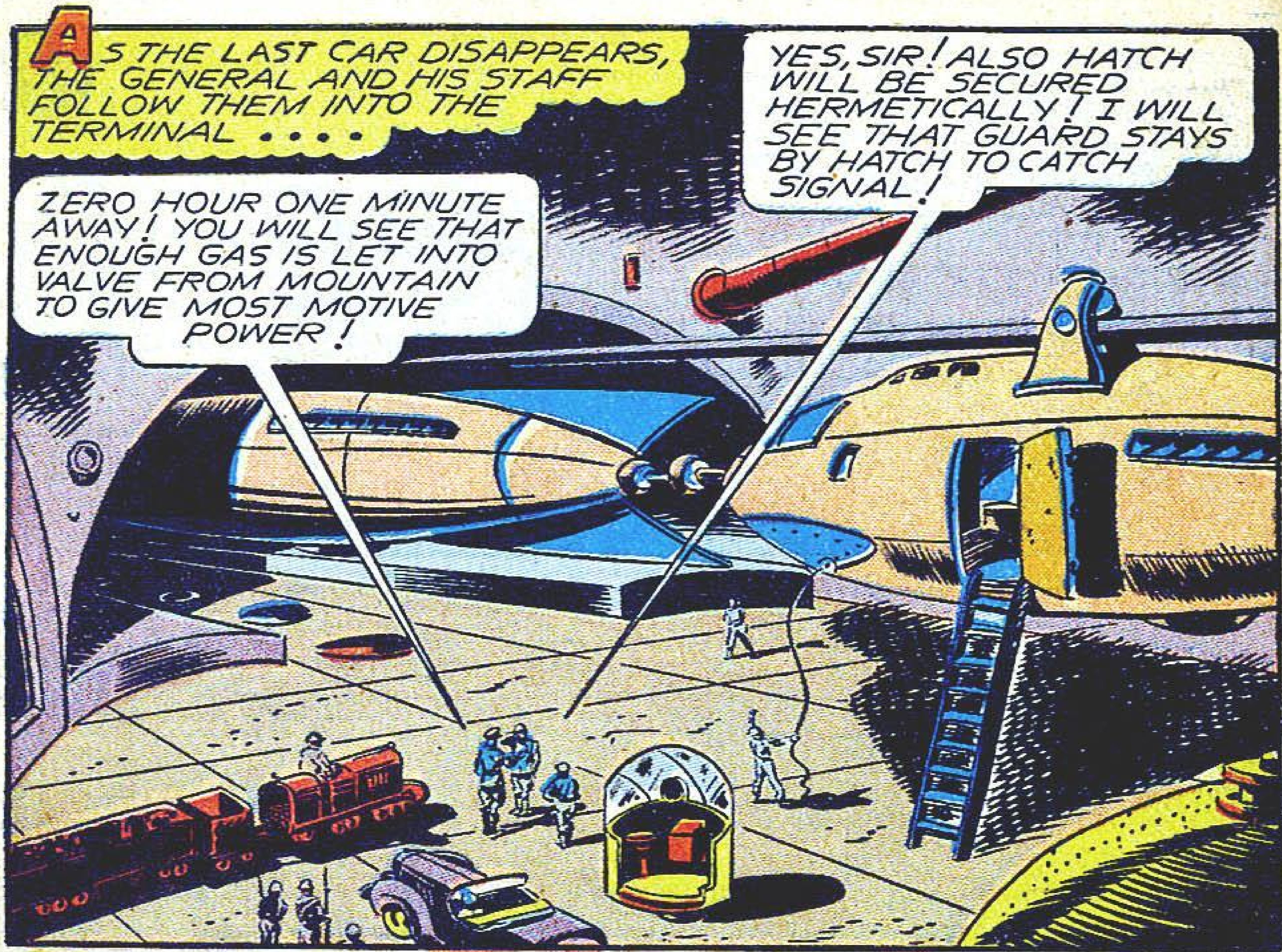

CAP AND BUCKY FINALLY REACH THE TOP OF THE CLIFF . . . . .
WHAT'S FIRST ON OUR PROGRAM, CAP?
WE'LL LOCATE GENERAL YOKIMA'S HEADQUARTERS AND SQUEEZE SOME INFORMATION OUT OF HIS YELLOW HIDE!
SHUCKS, CAP! NOT A NIP IN SIGHT! WE COULD WALK RIGHT IN AND TAKE HIROHITO!
I'M NOT SO SURE, LAD! SOMETHING'S FISHY ABOUT THIS! **LOOK OUT BEHIND!**
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG, AND IN A MOMENT, THE CLIFF TOP SWARMS WITH JAP GUARDS . . .
GET THE WHITE INFIDELS!
SHOW 'EM HOW THE YANK'S DO IT, KID!
THE YANK'S DO IT **LIKE THIS,** SNEAK-A-NESE!
JUST LIKE SLICING YELLOW CHEESE!
GENERAL YOKIMA SAY --- TAKE YANKEE'S ALIVE!
SUCKER!
THAT IS GOING TO MAKE YOU **VERY** UNHAPPY!
CAP IS DOWNED BY A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND . . . .
O-H-H!
CAP! YOU YELLOW RATS!

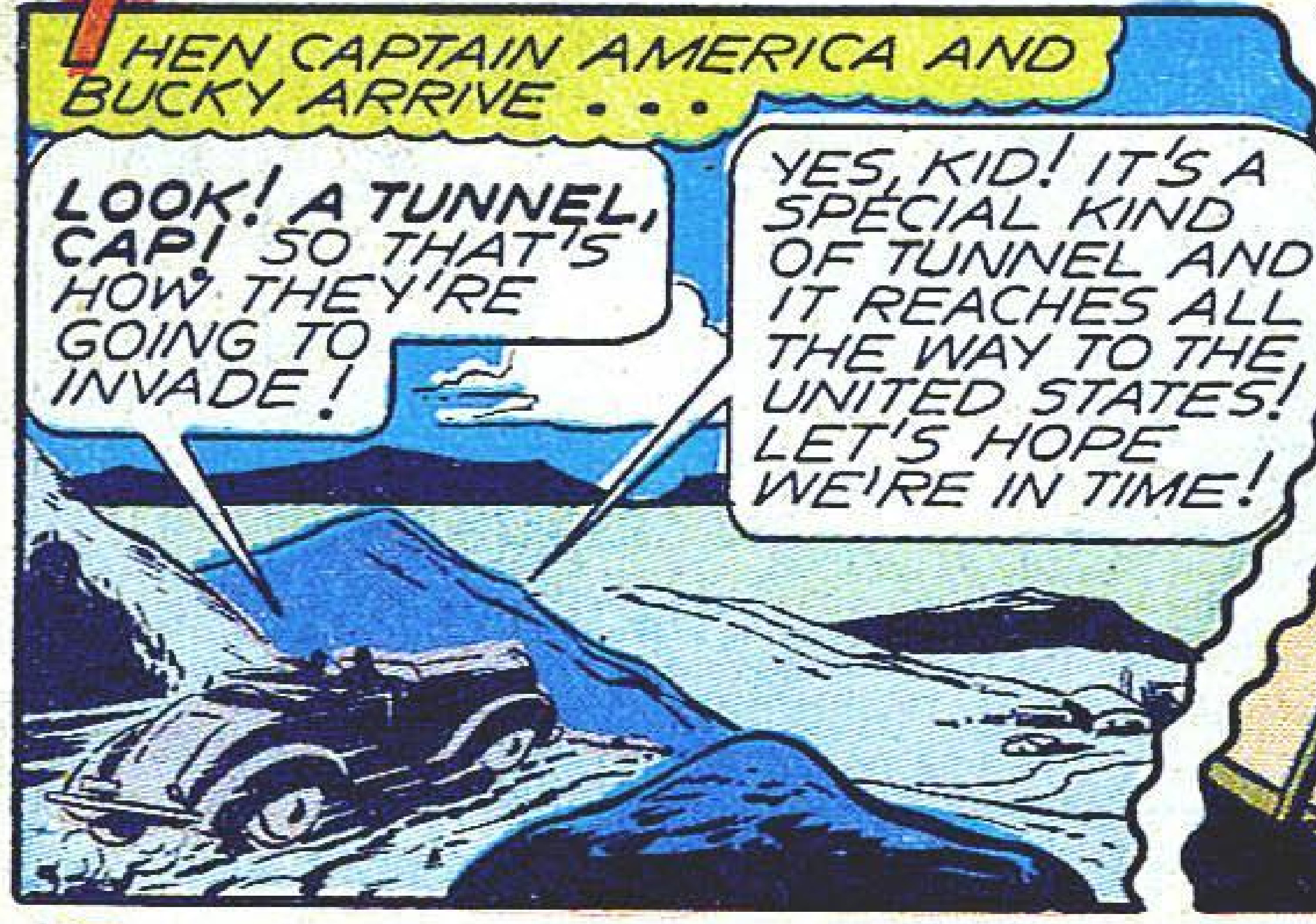

BUCKY IS FINALLY OVER-POWERED TOO....
WHOOF! WELL, WE MADE YOU RATS TAKE PLENTY!
YE-SS! AND GENERAL YO-KIMA WILL KNOW HOW TO EXTRACT VENGEANCE! TAKE THEM AWAY!
CAP AND BUCKY ARE TAKEN BEFORE THE JAP COMMANDER...
SO! IT HAS RE-QUIRED THE JAP-ANESE TO CAPTURE THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA! WHY DID YOU COME TO JAPAN?
I SEEM TO HAVE FOR-GOTTEN!
YEAH! WE'RE AMNESIA VICTIMS!
PIG!
YOU YELLOW MONKEY! I'LL----!
STOP! LATER PERHAPS! NOW, HOW MUCH DOES THE AMERICAN HIGH COMMAND KNOW ABOUT OUR INVASION PLAN?
THEY KNOW EVERY-THING!
WHAT? THEY KNOW WE HAVE ----? HE'H! HE'H! YOU JOKE! THEY KNOW NOTHING, OR YOU WOULD NOT BE HERE!
VERY CLEAR DEDUCTION, NIPPO!
WELL, CAPTAIN AMERICA, SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS ---- **TO-MORROW THE UNITED STATES WILL WAKE TO FIND A MILLION OF OUR TROOPS ON HER SHORES!**
ARE YOU CUCKOO, NIPPO? HOW COULD YOU DO THAT?
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW WE DO IT, MY FRIENDS! COLONEL, SEE THAT OUR GUESTS HAVE A GOOD TASTE OF TRUE JAPANESE HOSPITALITY!
YES, SIR! WE'LL MAKE SURE THAT THEY **ENJOY** THEIR STAY HERE! GUARDS! TO THE DUNGEONS WITH THE PIGS!

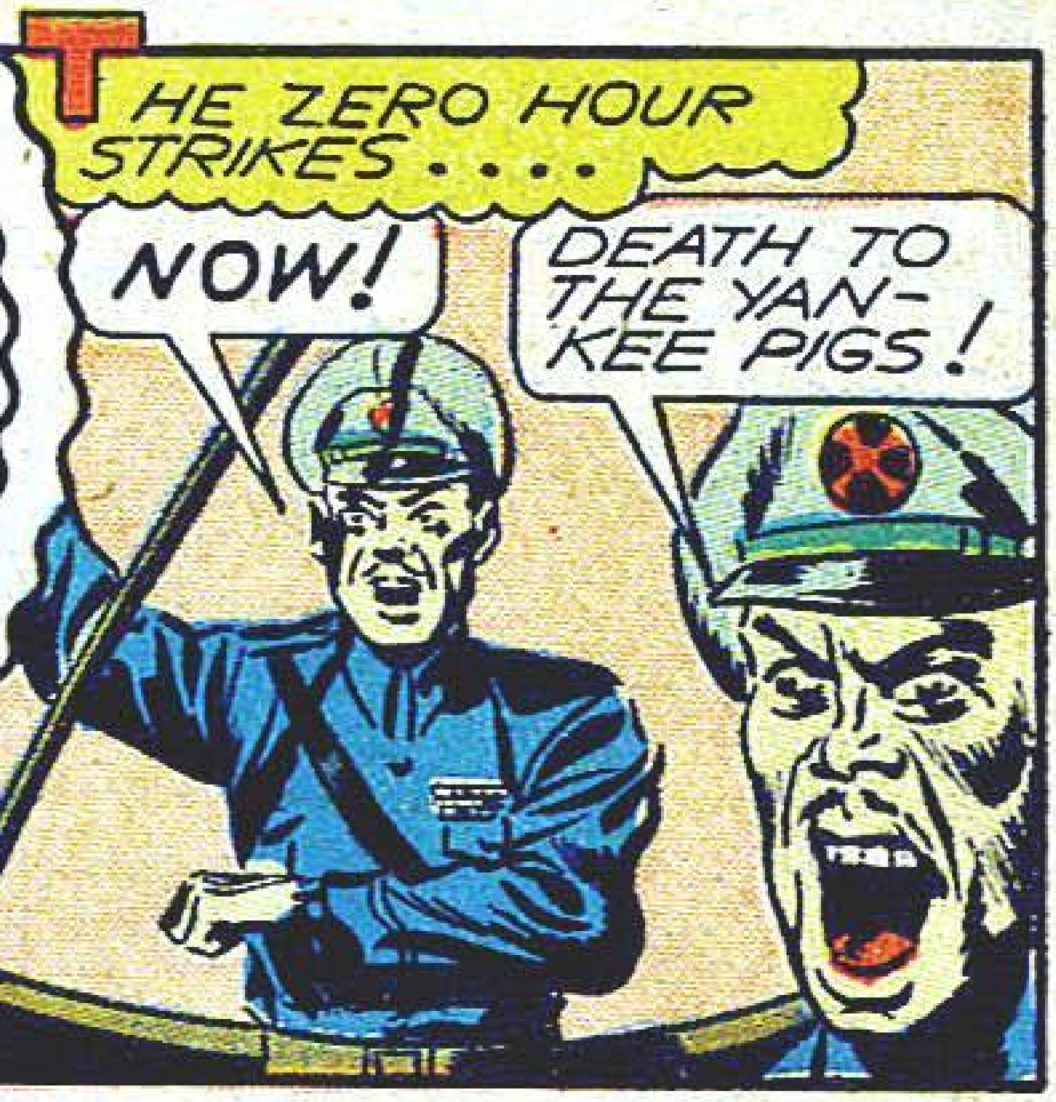

WHEN YOU'VE DISPOSED OF THEM, YOU'LL REPORT TO ME AT THE BASE! ZERO HOUR IS MIDNIGHT!
YES, SIR!
HEAR THAT, KID? WE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK--AND QUICK!
WHEN WE REACH THAT CURVE, KID!
RIGHT, CAP!
B-RRR! I DON'T LIKE THIS LAYOUT, CAP!
NOR I! SO LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
PLEASE TO CONTINUE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TURN ON THEIR JAP CAPTORS!
NOW!
AIEEE!
WAHOO!
-AND STEAM ROLLER BACK UP STAIRS TOWARDS THE GENERAL'S OFFICE!
KILL THE WHITE DOGS!
SPEAKING OF THE DEVIL!
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF HERE! YOU TAKE THE OFFICE GUARD!

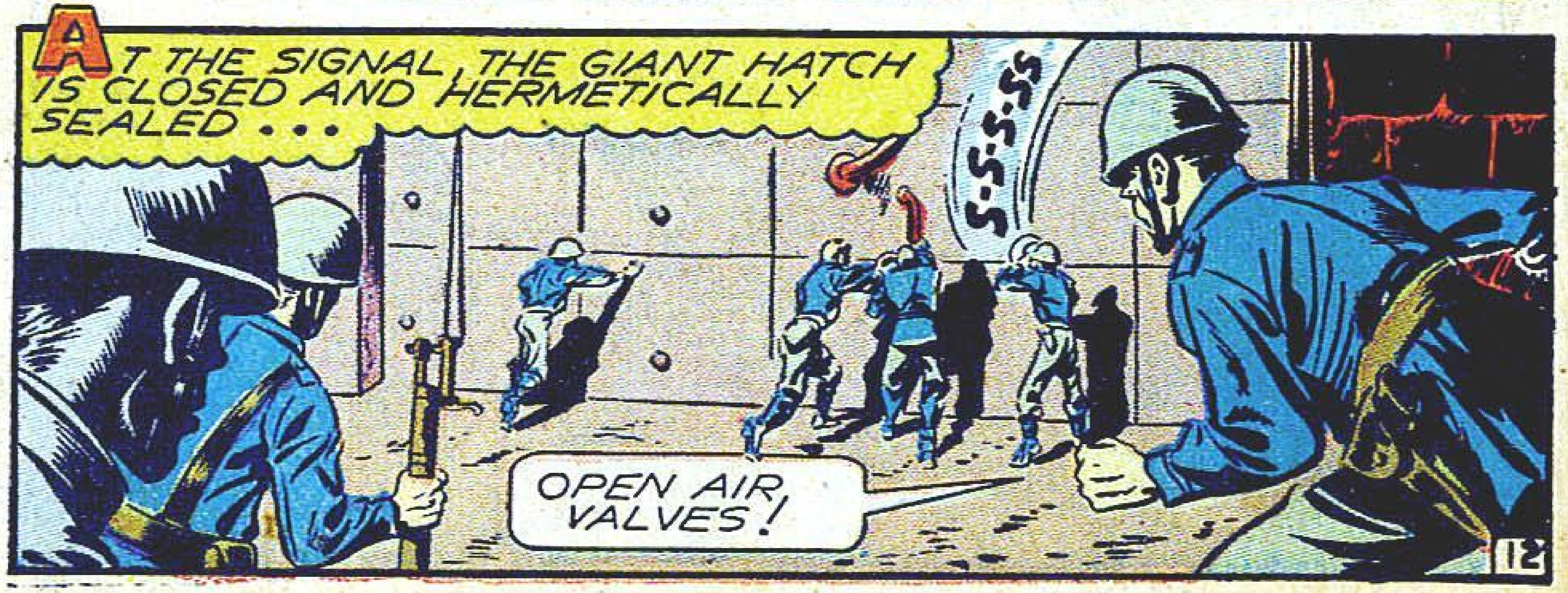

THAT'S MY RIGHT!
AHHHH!
CRACK
C'MON, BUCKY--IN THIS ROOM! I'LL SHUT THE DOOR! IT'LL HOLD THEM FOR A-WHILE!
WAIT A BIT, CAP! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL HELP!
DUCK, CAP!
BOOM
BUT, CAP! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW YET, HOW THEY'RE GOING TO INVADE!
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT, TO FIND OUT! AND THE GENERAL'S DESK IS AS GOOD A PLACE TO START, AS ANY!
AFTER A QUICK SEARCH..
I DON'T SEE A THING, CAP!
BUT I DO! LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A PLAN OF SOME SORT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FACE PALES AS THE DRAWING REVEALS THE DIABOLIC CUNNING OF THE JAPANESE INVASION PLAN...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAP? YOU'RE AS PALE AS A GHOST!
THOSE RATS! DIRTY YELLOW RATS!
THEY'VE A PLAN SO MONSTROUS, THAT IT STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION, KID! IF WE DON'T STOP THEM, BLOOD WILL FLOW LIKE WATER ON AMERICAN SOIL!
BUT--WHAT'S UP, CAP?

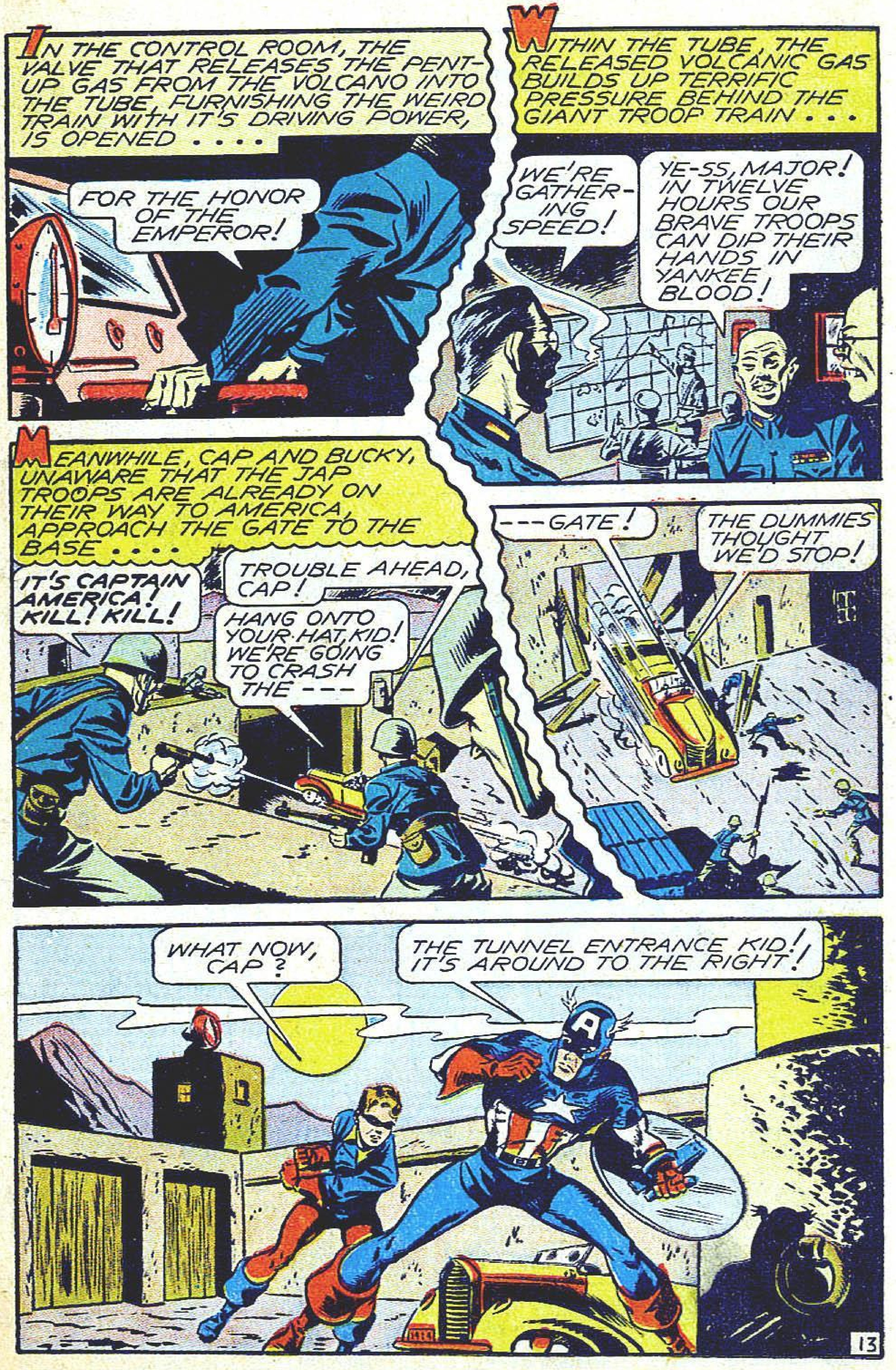

FOR PETE'S SAKE, TELL ME ABOUT IT!
NO TIME NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE JAP BASE IN NOTHING FLAT! IT'S LOCATED AT THE FOOT OF MT. FUJI!
BUT THAT'S MILES FROM HERE! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON FOOT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO IT IN THIS STAFF CAR! C'MON!
MEANWHILE---IN THE SHADOW OF MT. FUJI, A WEIRD SCENE IS BEING ENACTED . . .
LAST DIVISION CHECKING IN, SIR! WE READY TO MOVE!
GOOD! NOW, CAPTAIN, WHEN SIGNAL IS GIVEN, SEAL DOOR AND OPEN VALVE WIDE!
YE-SS HONORABLE, GENERAL!

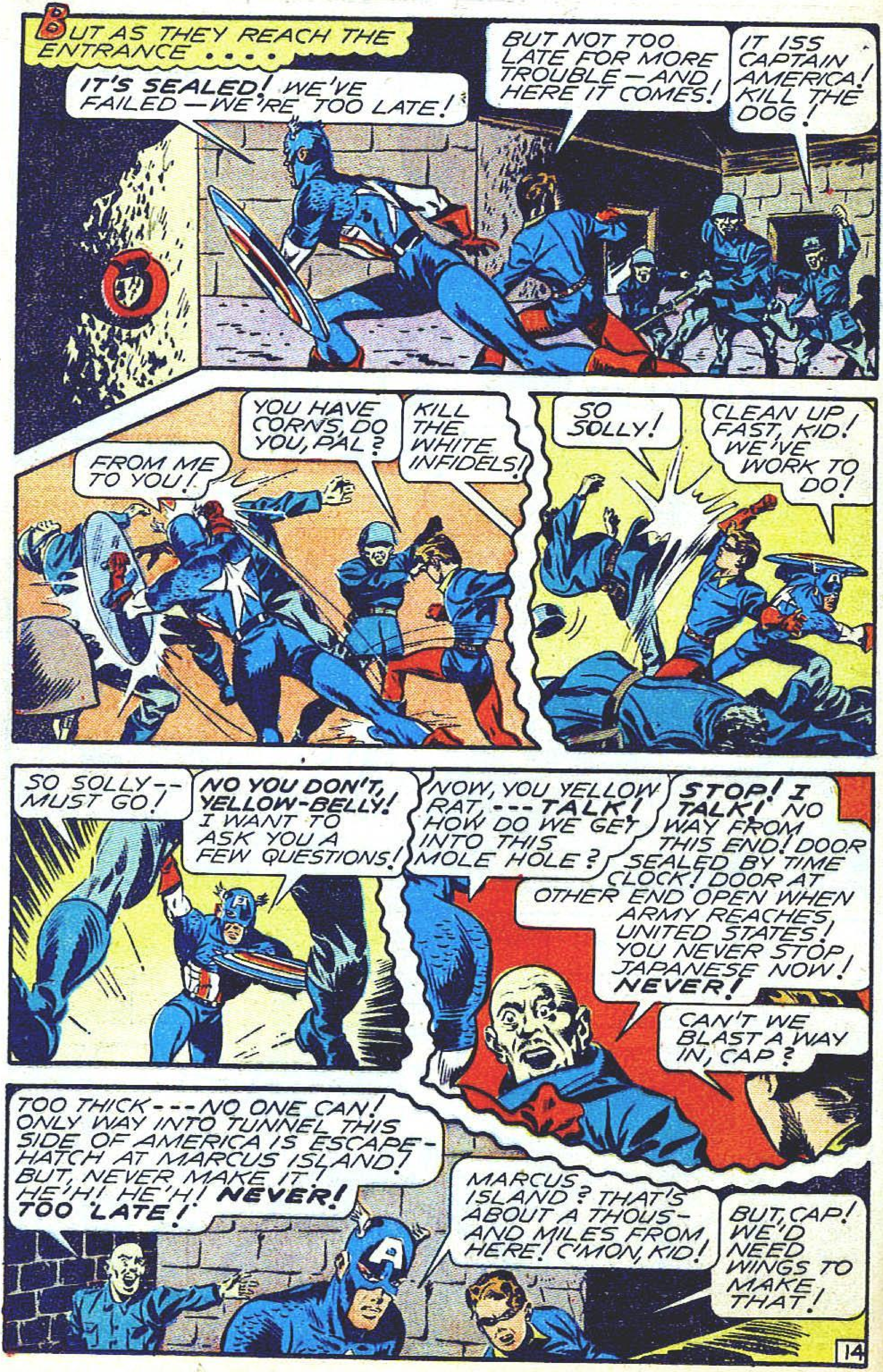

AS THE LAST CAR DISAPPEARS, THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF FOLLOW THEM INTO THE TERMINAL ....
ZERO HOUR ONE MINUTE AWAY! YOU WILL SEE THAT ENOUGH GAS IS LET INTO VALVE FROM MOUNTAIN TO GIVE MOST MOTIVE POWER!
YES, SIR! ALSO HATCH WILL BE SECURED HERMETICALLY! I WILL SEE THAT GUARD STAYS BY HATCH TO CATCH SIGNAL!

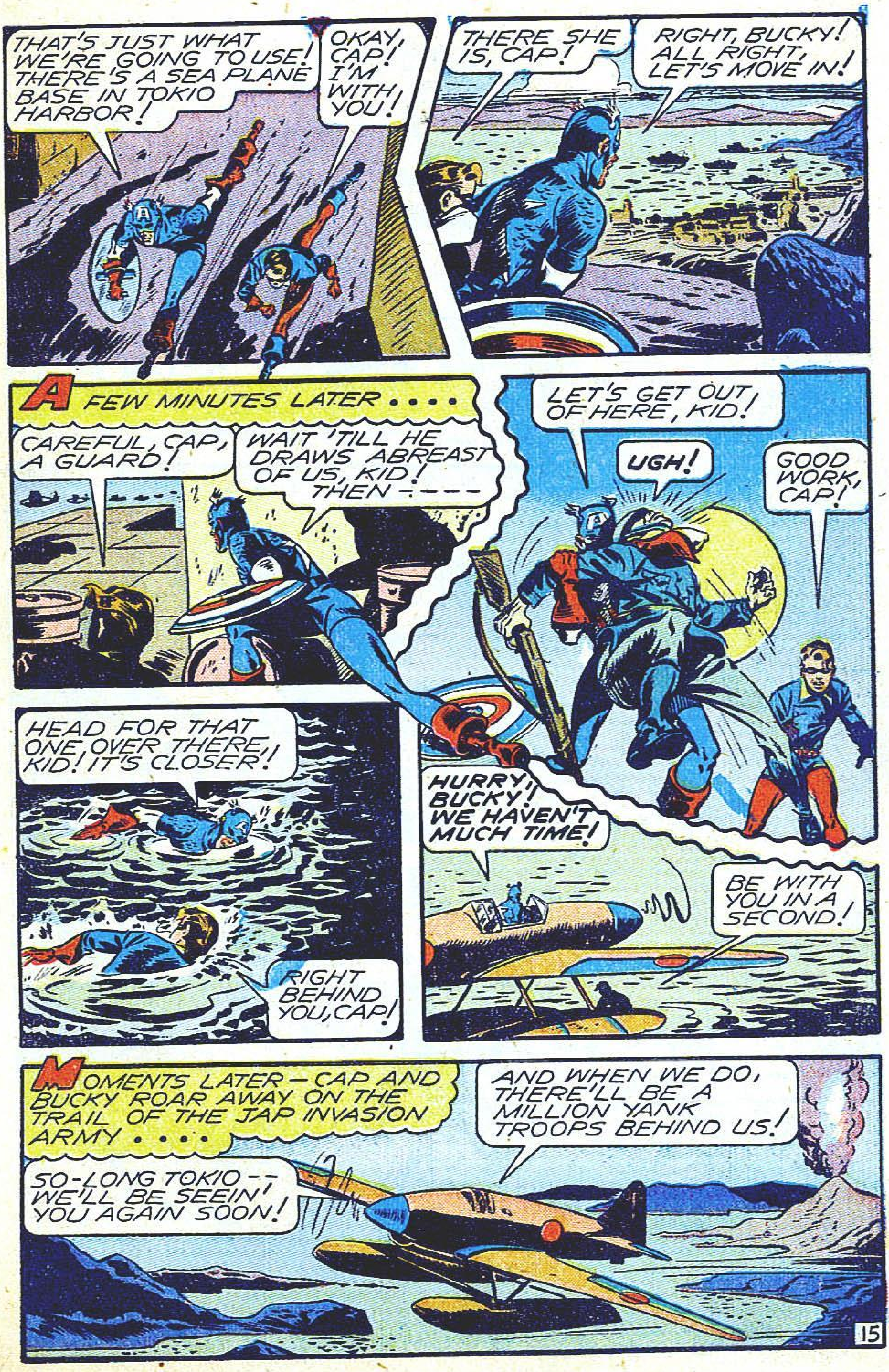

THEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARRIVE ...
LOOK! A TUNNEL, CAP! SO THAT'S HOW THEY'RE GOING TO INVADE!
YES, KID! IT'S A SPECIAL KIND OF TUNNEL AND IT REACHES ALL THE WAY TO THE UNITED STATES! LET'S HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!

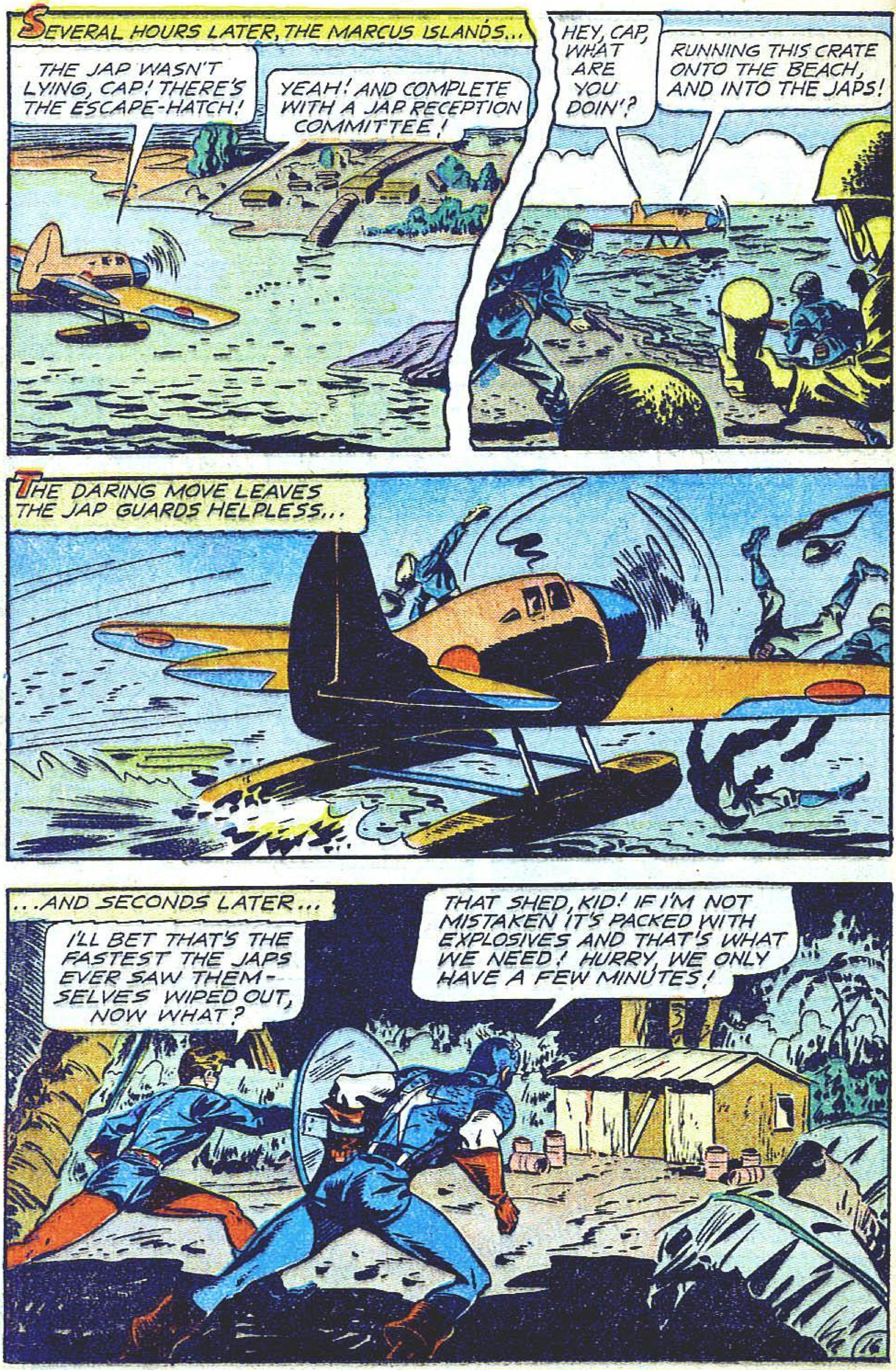

THE ZERO HOUR STRIKES ....
NOW!
DEATH TO THE YANKEE PIGS!

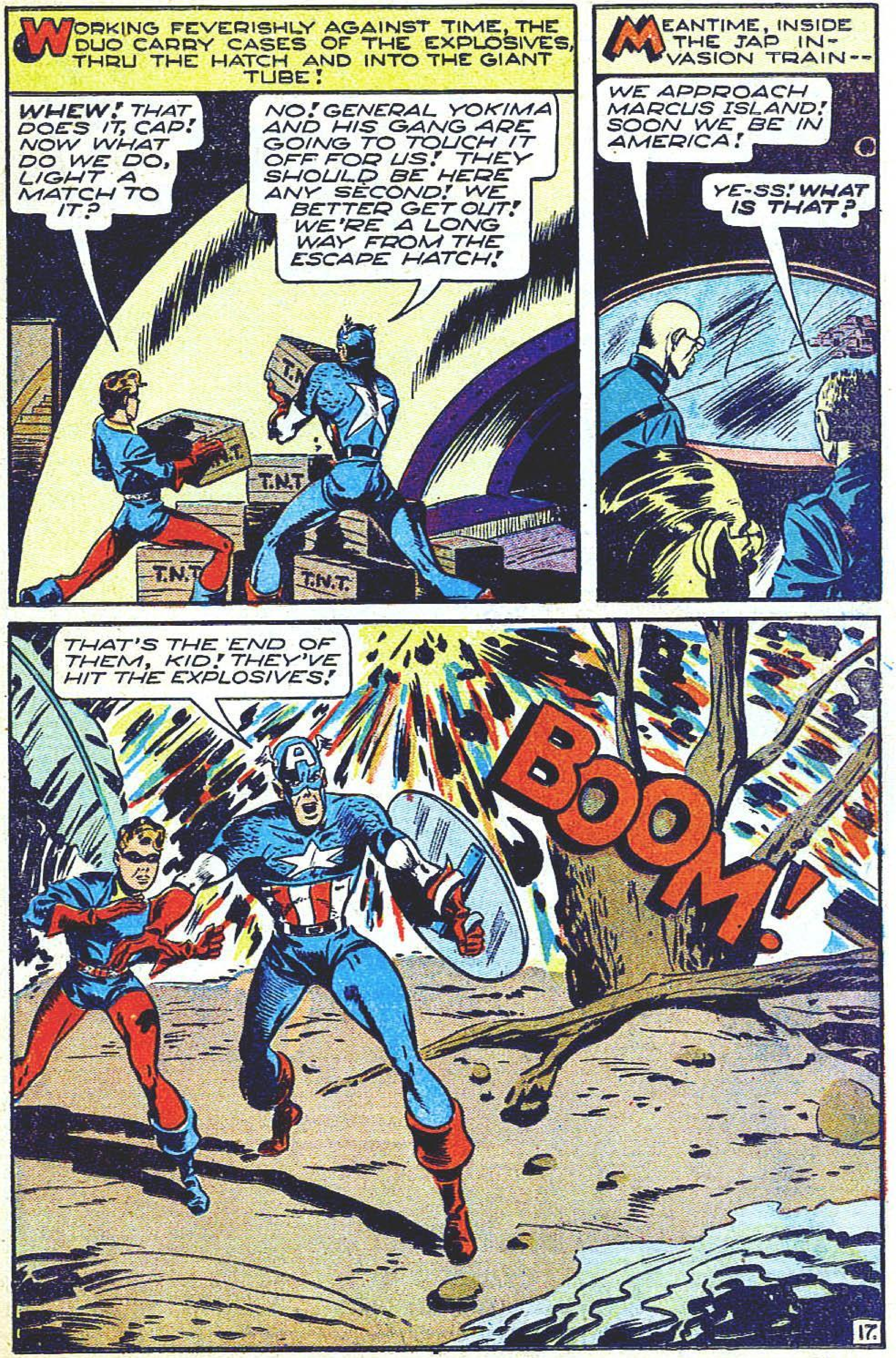

AT THE SIGNAL, THE GIANT HATCH IS CLOSED AND HERMETICALLY SEALED ...
S-S-S-SS
OPEN AIR VALVES!

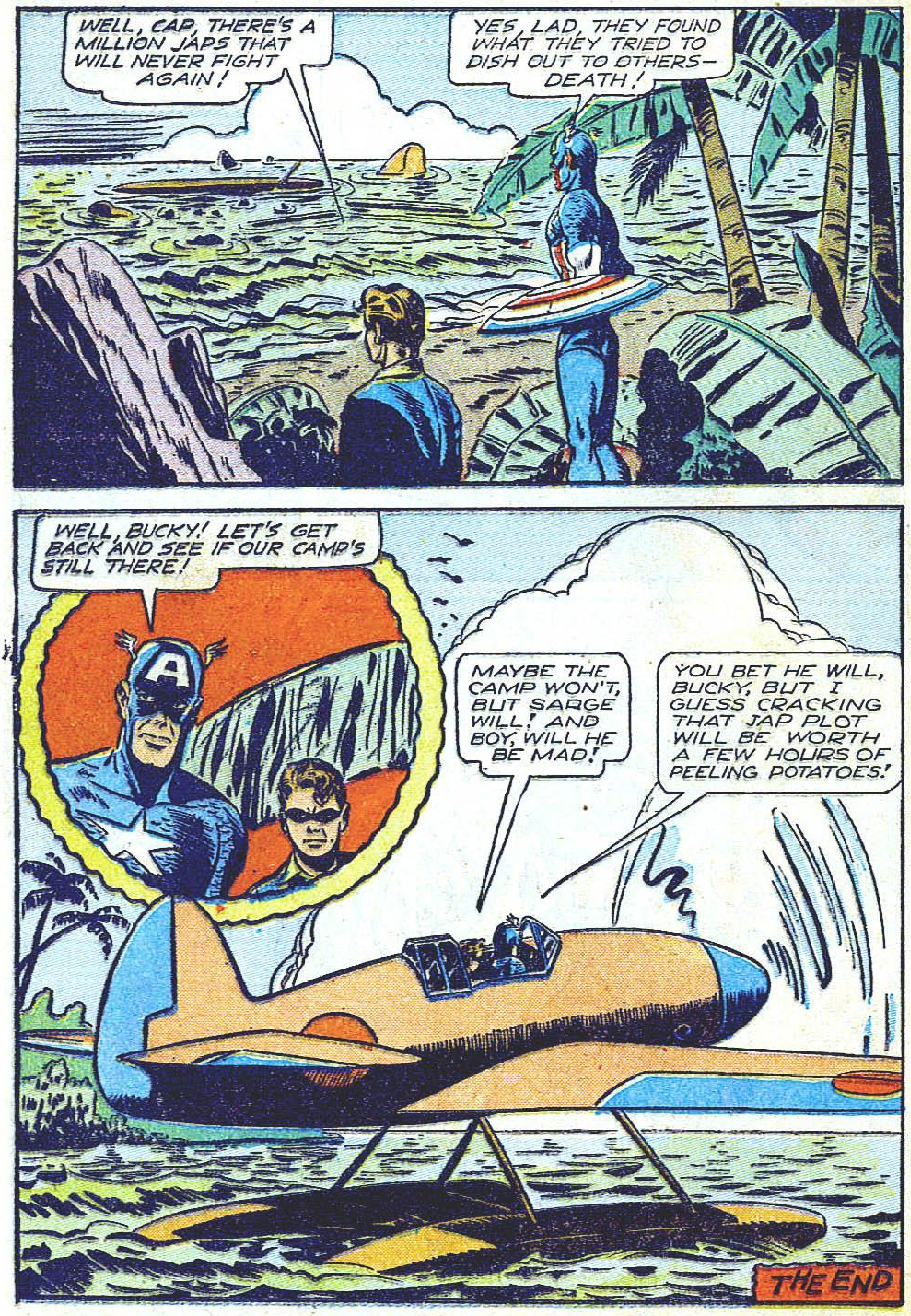

IN THE CONTROL ROOM, THE VALVE THAT RELEASES THE PENT-UP GAS FROM THE VOLCANO INTO THE TUBE, FURNISHING THE WEIRD TRAIN WITH IT'S DRIVING POWER, IS OPENED . . . .
FOR THE HONOR OF THE EMPEROR!
WITHIN THE TUBE, THE RELEASED VOLCANIC GAS BUILDS UP TERRIFIC PRESSURE BEHIND THE GIANT TROOP TRAIN . . .
WE'RE GATHERING SPEED!
YE-SS, MAJOR! IN TWELVE HOURS OUR BRAVE TROOPS CAN DIP THEIR HANDS IN YANKEE BLOOD!
MEANWHILE, CAP AND BUCKY, UNAWARE THAT THE JAP TROOPS ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY TO AMERICA, APPROACH THE GATE TO THE BASE . . . .
IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! KILL! KILL!
TROUBLE AHEAD, CAP!
HANG ONTO YOUR HAT, KID! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH THE - - -
- - - GATE!
THE DUMMIES THOUGHT WE'D STOP!
WHAT NOW, CAP?
THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE KID! IT'S AROUND TO THE RIGHT!

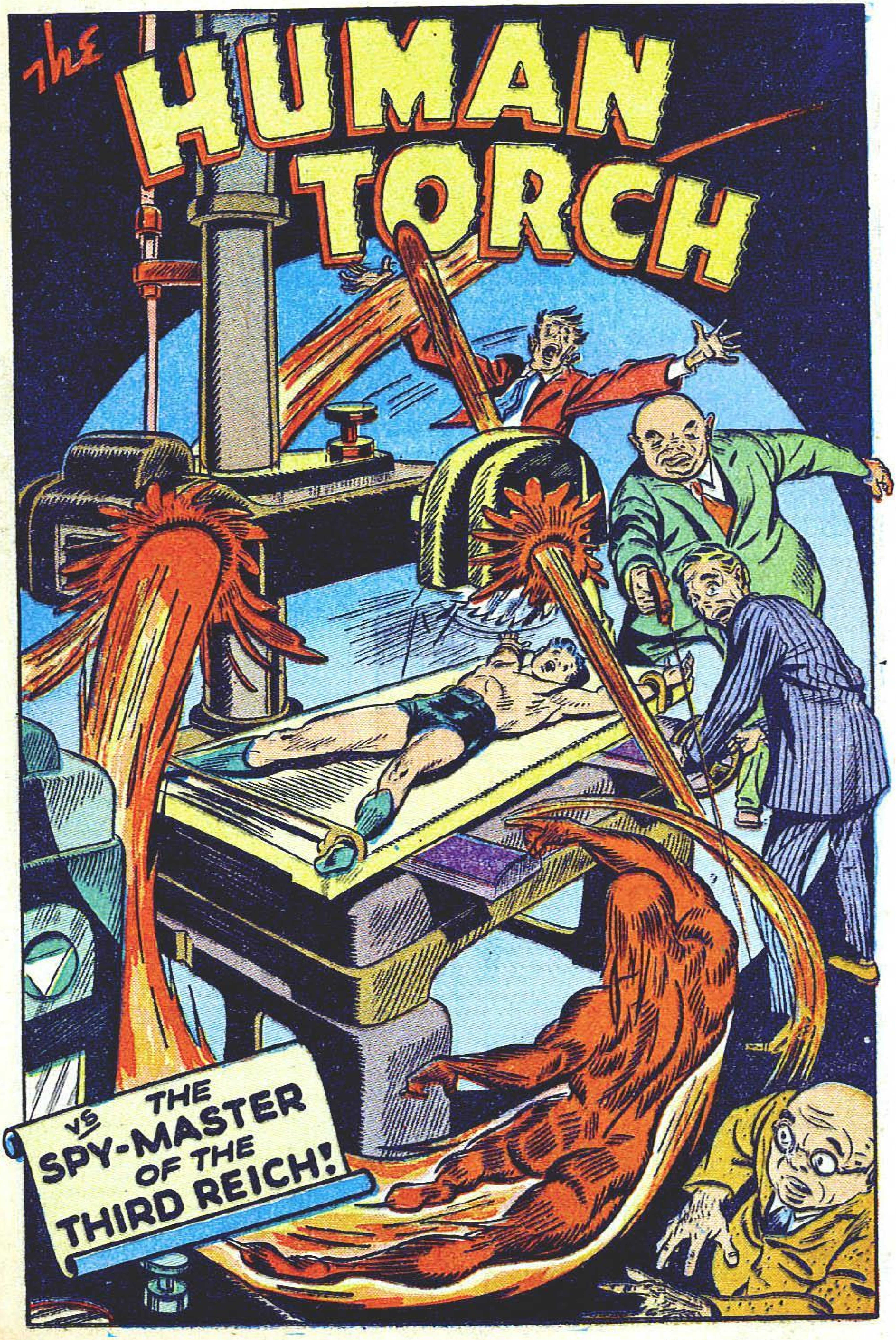

BUT AS THEY REACH THE ENTRANCE ....
IT'S SEALED! WE'VE FAILED—WE'RE TOO LATE!
BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR MORE TROUBLE—AND HERE IT COMES!
IT ISS CAPTAIN AMERICA! KILL THE DOG!
FROM ME TO YOU!
YOU HAVE CORNS, DO YOU, PAL?
KILL THE WHITE INFIDELS!
SO SOLLY!
CLEAN UP FAST, KID! WE'VE WORK TO DO!
SO SOLLY-- MUST GO!
NO YOU DON'T, YELLOW-BELLY! I WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!
NOW, YOU YELLOW RAT, ---TALK! HOW DO WE GET INTO THIS MOLE HOLE?
STOP! I TALK! NO WAY FROM THIS END! DOOR SEALED BY TIME CLOCK! DOOR AT OTHER END OPEN WHEN ARMY REACHES UNITED STATES! YOU NEVER STOP JAPANESE NOW! NEVER!
CAN'T WE BLAST A WAY IN, CAP?
TOO THICK---NO ONE CAN! ONLY WAY INTO TUNNEL THIS SIDE OF AMERICA IS ESCAPE-HATCH AT MARCUS ISLAND! BUT, NEVER MAKE IT! HE'H! HE'H! NEVER! TOO LATE!
MARCUS ISLAND? THAT'S ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE! C'MON, KID!
BUT, CAP! WE'D NEED WINGS TO MAKE THAT!

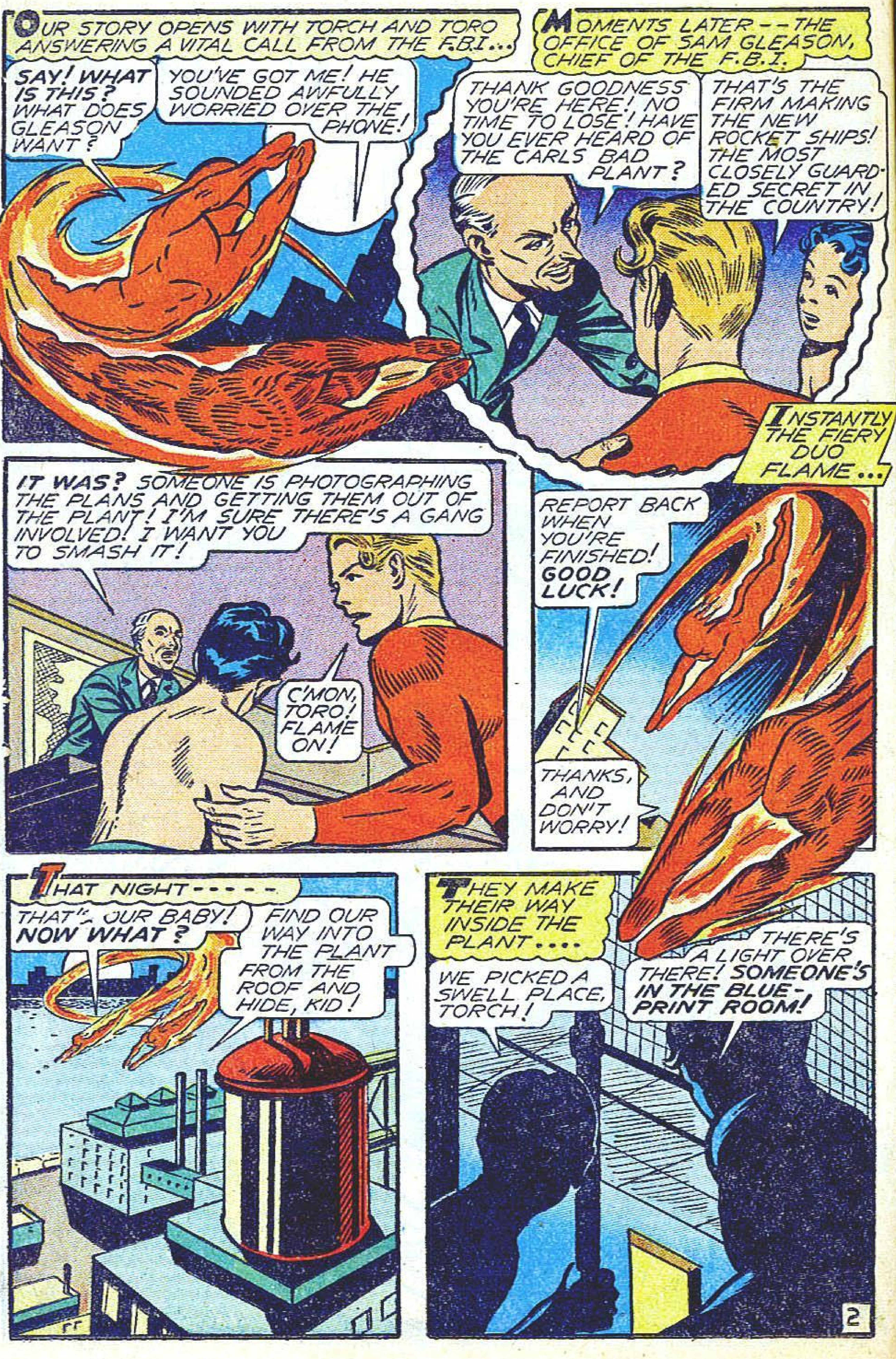

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO USE! THERE'S A SEA PLANE BASE IN TOKIO HARBOR!
OKAY, CAP! I'M WITH YOU!
THERE SHE IS, CAP!
RIGHT, BUCKY! ALL RIGHT, LET'S MOVE IN!
A FEW MINUTES LATER....
CAREFUL, CAP, A GUARD!
WAIT 'TILL HE DRAWS ABREAST OF US, KID! THEN -----
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, KID!
UGH!
GOOD WORK, CAP!
HEAD FOR THAT ONE, OVER THERE, KID! IT'S CLOSER!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAP!
HURRY, BUCKY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND!
MOMENTS LATER—CAP AND BUCKY ROAR AWAY ON THE TRAIL OF THE JAP INVASION ARMY....
SO-LONG TOKIO--, WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU AGAIN SOON!
AND WHEN WE DO, THERE'LL BE A MILLION YANK TROOPS BEHIND US!

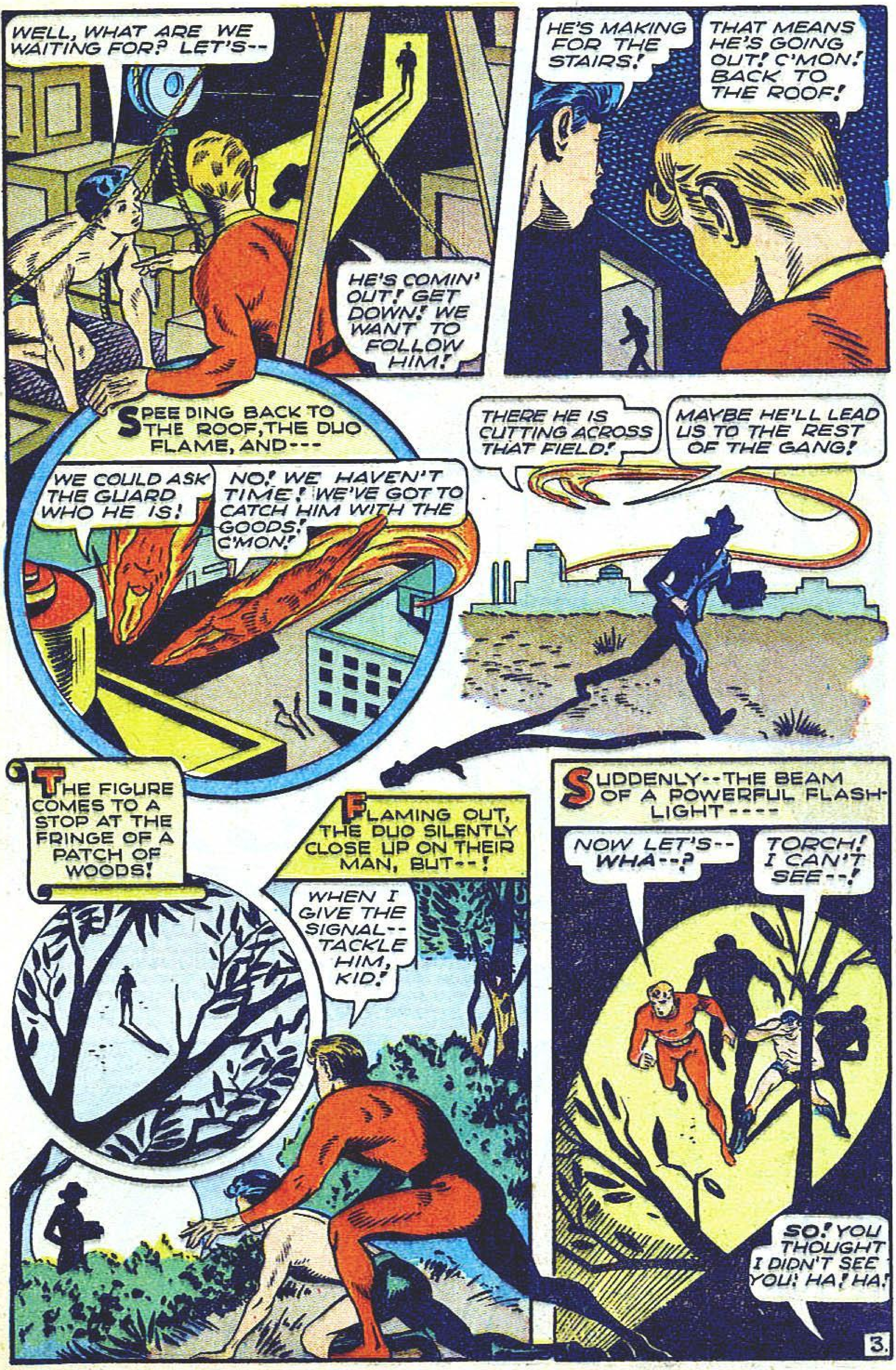

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE MARCUS ISLANDS...
THE JAP WASN'T LYING, CAP! THERE'S THE ESCAPE-HATCH!
YEAH! AND COMPLETE WITH A JAP RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
HEY, CAP, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?
RUNNING THIS CRATE ONTO THE BEACH, AND INTO THE JAPS!
THE DARING MOVE LEAVES THE JAP GUARDS HELPLESS...
...AND SECONDS LATER...
I'LL BET THAT'S THE FASTEST THE JAPS EVER SAW THEMSELVES WIPED OUT, NOW WHAT?
THAT SHED, KID! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN IT'S PACKED WITH EXPLOSIVES AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! HURRY, WE ONLY HAVE A FEW MINUTES!

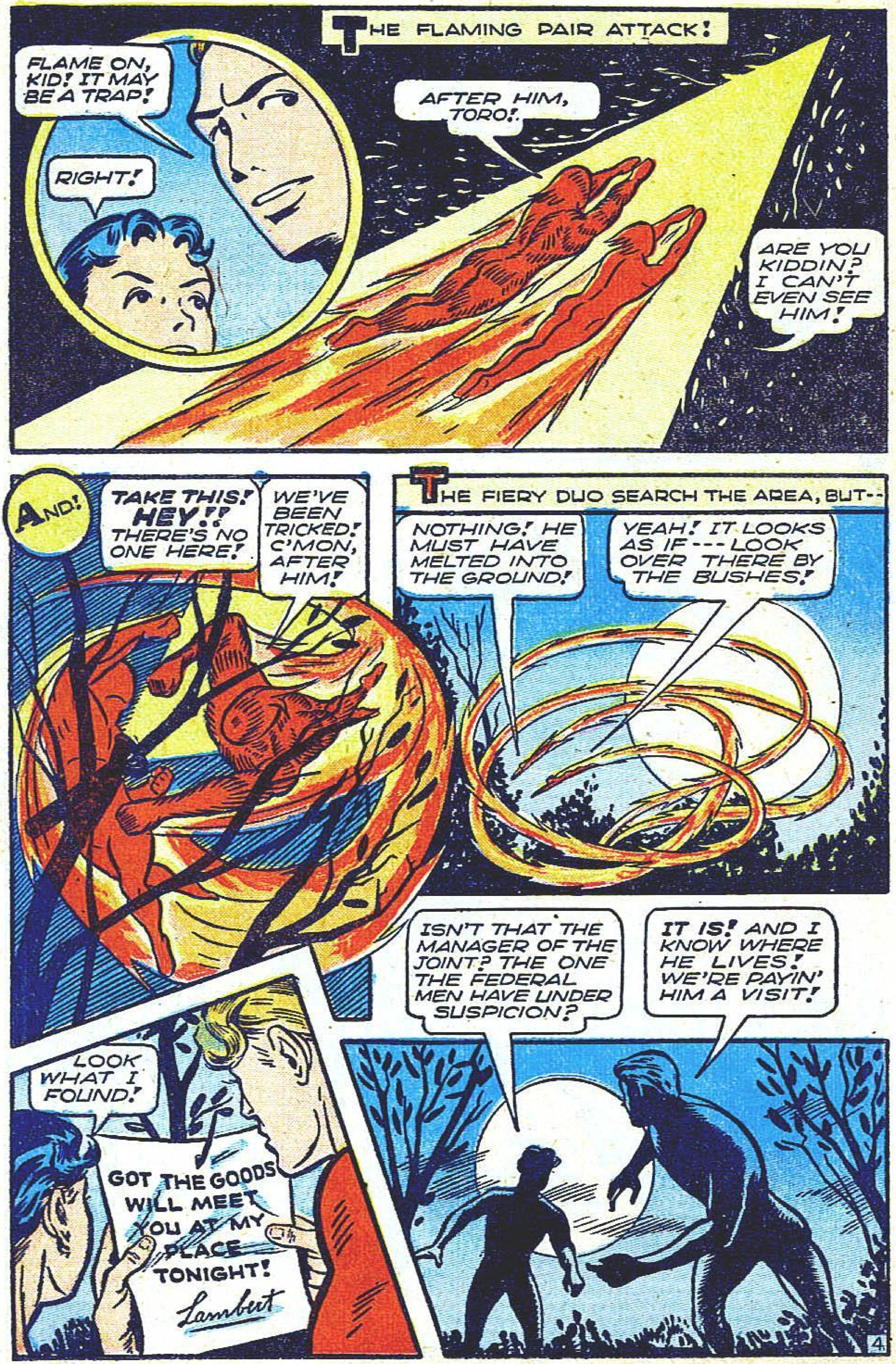

WORKING FEVERISHLY AGAINST TIME, THE DUO CARRY CASES OF THE EXPLOSIVES, THRU THE HATCH AND INTO THE GIANT TUBE!
WHEW! THAT DOES IT, CAP! NOW WHAT DO WE DO, LIGHT A MATCH TO IT?
NO! GENERAL YOKIMA AND HIS GANG ARE GOING TO TOUCH IT OFF FOR US! THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND! WE BETTER GET OUT! WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM THE ESCAPE HATCH!
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
MEANTIME, INSIDE THE JAP INVASION TRAIN--
WE APPROACH MARCUS ISLAND! SOON WE BE IN AMERICA!
YE-SS! WHAT IS THAT?
THAT'S THE END OF THEM, KID! THEY'VE HIT THE EXPLOSIVES!
BOOM!

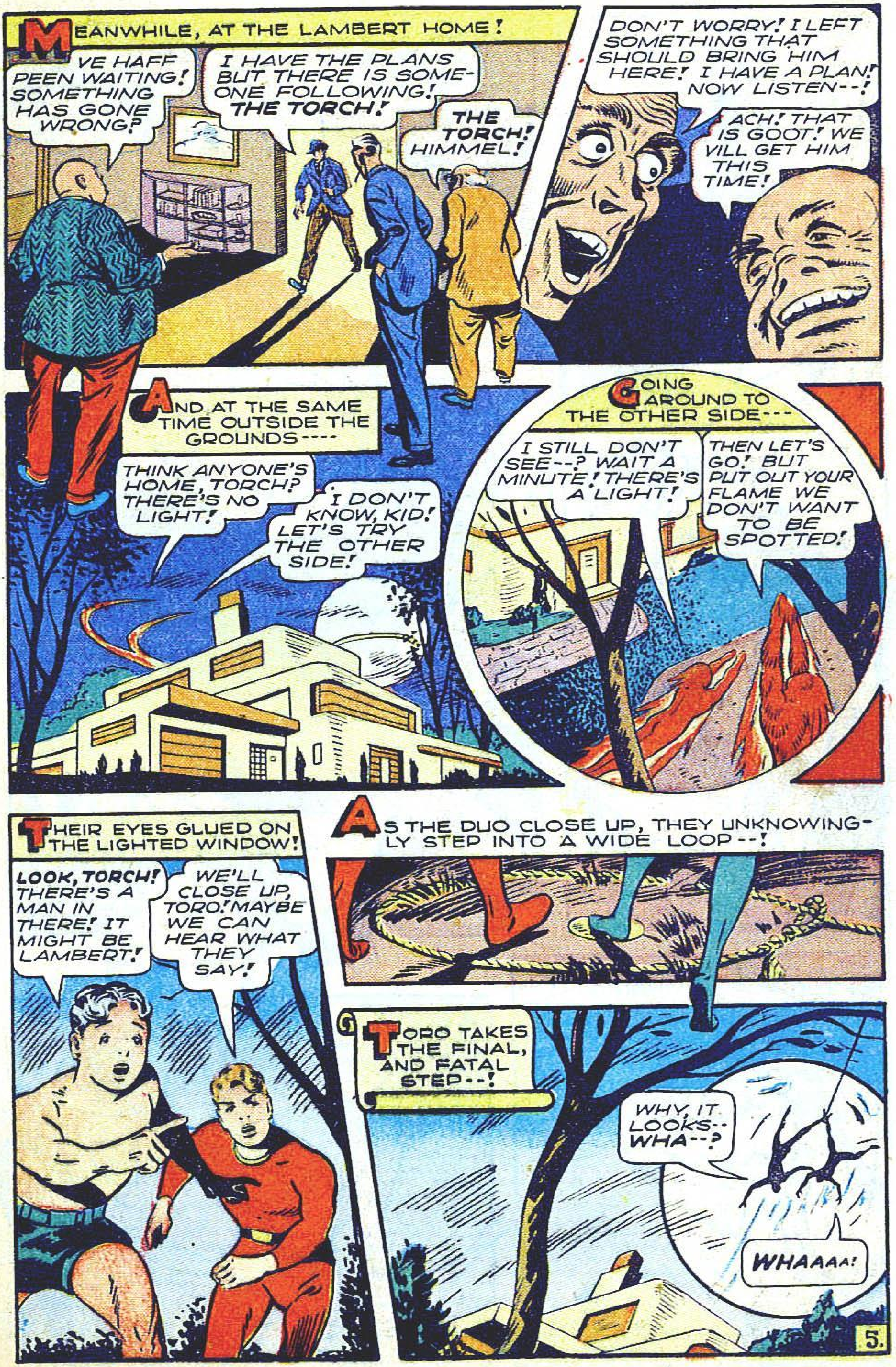

WELL, CAP, THERE'S A MILLION JAPS THAT WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN!
YES, LAD, THEY FOUND WHAT THEY TRIED TO DISH OUT TO OTHERS— DEATH!
WELL, BUCKY! LET'S GET BACK AND SEE IF OUR CAMP'S STILL THERE!
MAYBE THE CAMP WON'T, BUT SARGE WILL! AND BOY, WILL HE BE MAD!
YOU BET HE WILL, BUCKY, BUT I GUESS CRACKING THAT JAP PLOT WILL BE WORTH A FEW HOURS OF PEELING POTATOES!
THE END

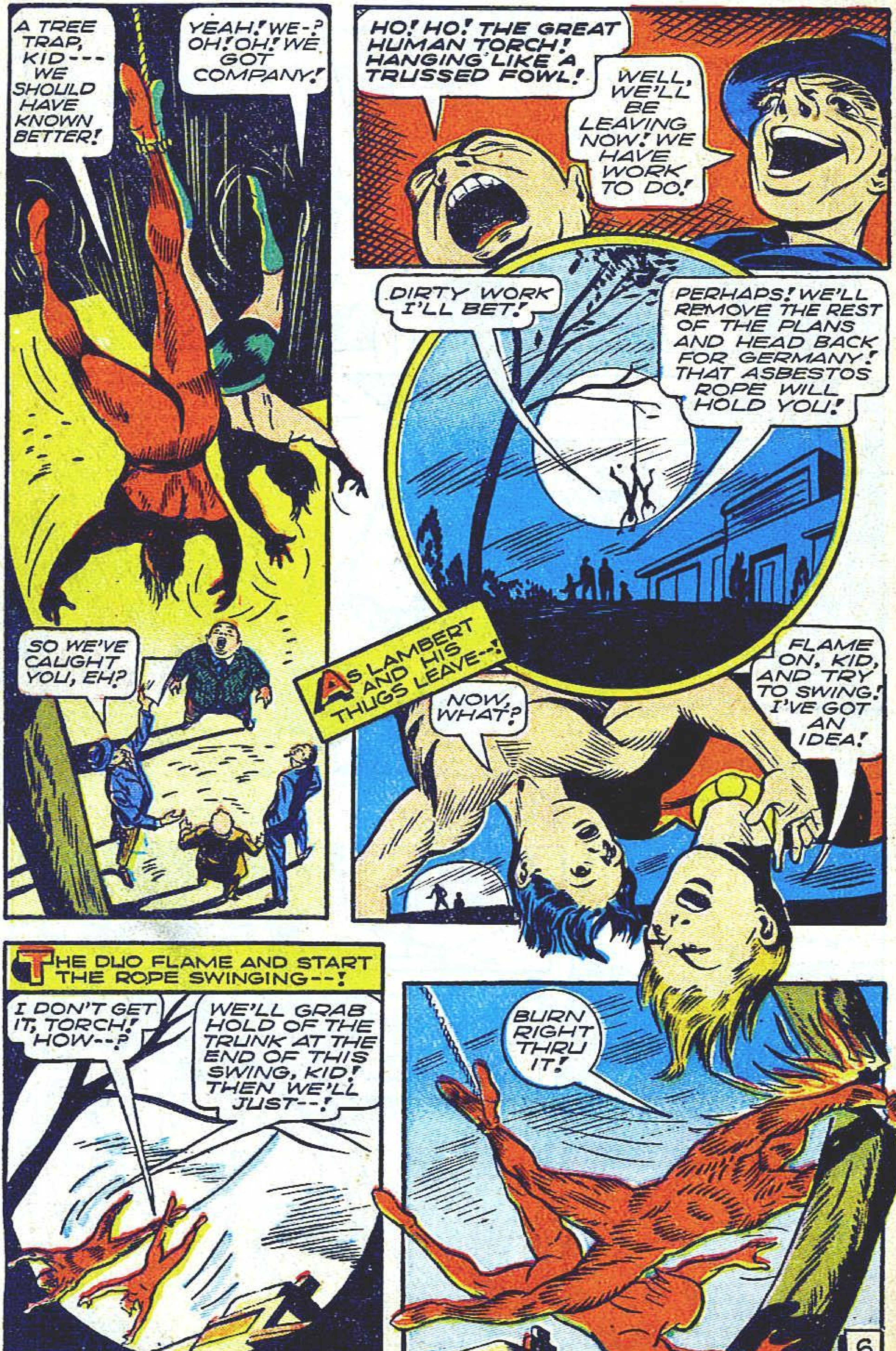

the HUMAN TORCH
vs THE SPY-MASTER OF THE THIRD REICH!

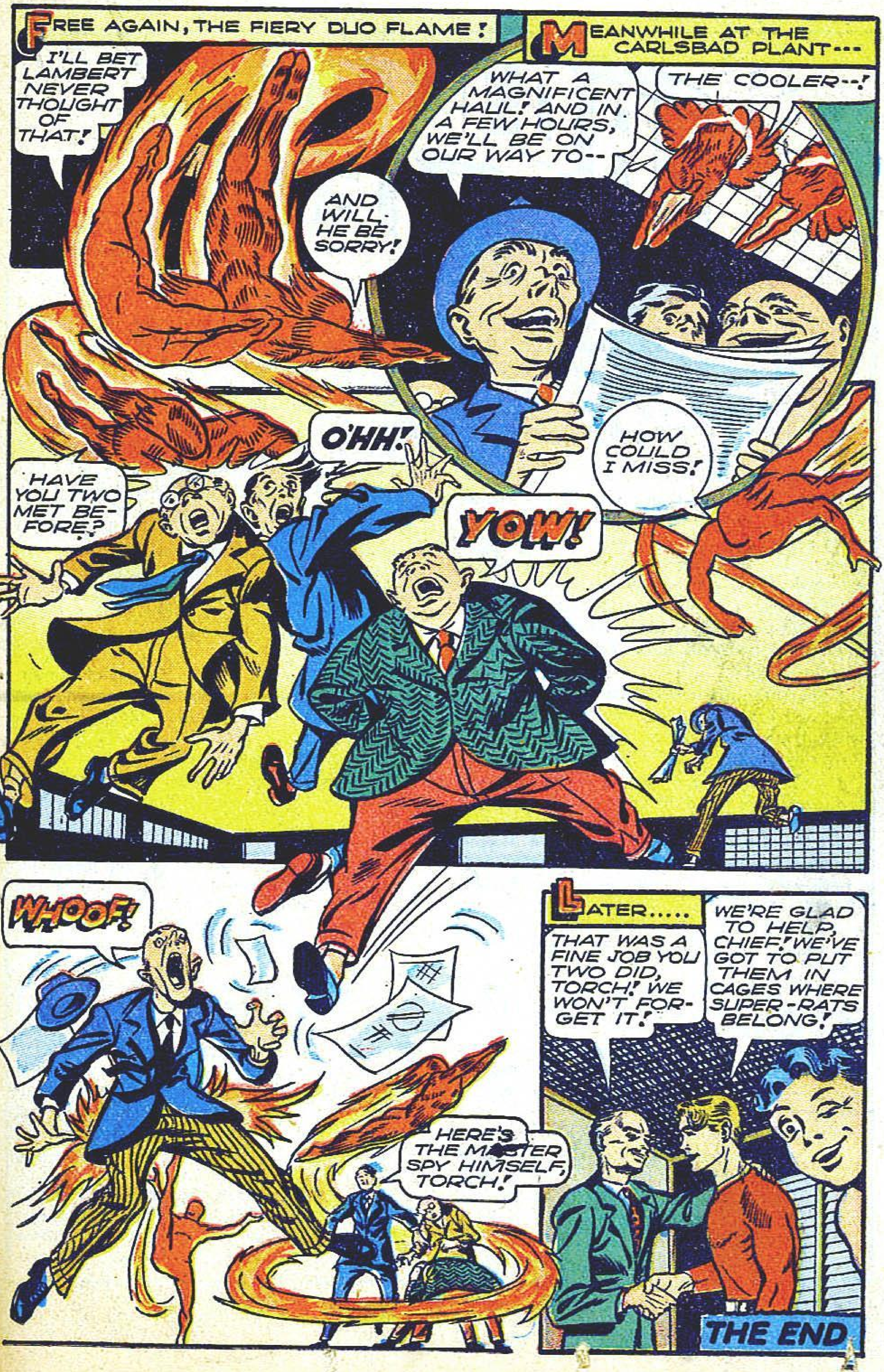

OUR STORY OPENS WITH TORCH AND TORO ANSWERING A VITAL CALL FROM THE F.B.I...
SAY! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT DOES GLEASON WANT?
YOU'VE GOT ME! HE SOUNDED AWFULLY WORRIED OVER THE PHONE!
MOMENTS LATER -- THE OFFICE OF SAM GLEASON, CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! NO TIME TO LOSE! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE CARLS BAD PLANT?
THAT'S THE FIRM MAKING THE NEW ROCKET SHIPS! THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET IN THE COUNTRY!
IT WAS? SOMEONE IS PHOTOGRAPHING THE PLANS AND GETTING THEM OUT OF THE PLANT! I'M SURE THERE'S A GANG INVOLVED! I WANT YOU TO SMASH IT!
C'MON, TORO! FLAME ON!
INSTANTLY THE FIERY DUO FLAME...
REPORT BACK WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, AND DON'T WORRY!
THAT NIGHT - - - - -
THAT'S OUR BABY! NOW WHAT?
FIND OUR WAY INTO THE PLANT FROM THE ROOF AND HIDE, KID!
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INSIDE THE PLANT....
WE PICKED A SWELL PLACE, TORCH!
THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE! SOMEONE'S IN THE BLUEPRINT ROOM!
2


WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S--
HE'S COMIN' OUT! GET DOWN! WE WANT TO FOLLOW HIM!
HE'S MAKING FOR THE STAIRS!
THAT MEANS HE'S GOING OUT! C'MON! BACK TO THE ROOF!
SPEEDING BACK TO THE ROOF, THE DUO FLAME, AND---
WE COULD ASK THE GUARD WHO HE IS!
NO! WE HAVEN'T TIME! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM WITH THE GOODS! C'MON!
THERE HE IS CUTTING ACROSS THAT FIELD!
MAYBE HE'LL LEAD US TO THE REST OF THE GANG!
THE FIGURE COMES TO A STOP AT THE FRINGE OF A PATCH OF WOODS!
FLAMING OUT, THE DUO SILENTLY CLOSE UP ON THEIR MAN, BUT--!
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL-- TACKLE HIM, KID!
SUDDENLY--THE BEAM OF A POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT----
NOW LET'S-- WHA--?
TORCH! I CAN'T SEE--!
SO! YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T SEE YOU! HA! HA!


THE FLAMING PAIR ATTACK!
FLAME ON, KID! IT MAY BE A TRAP!
RIGHT!
AFTER HIM, TORO!.
ARE YOU KIDDIN? I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!
AND!
TAKE THIS! HEY!! THERE'S NO ONE HERE!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! C'MON, AFTER HIM!
THE FIERY DUO SEARCH THE AREA, BUT--
NOTHING! HE MUST HAVE MELTED INTO THE GROUND!
YEAH! IT LOOKS AS IF --- LOOK OVER THERE BY THE BUSHES!
LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
GOT THE GOODS WILL MEET YOU AT MY PLACE TONIGHT! Lambert
ISN'T THAT THE MANAGER OF THE JOINT? THE ONE THE FEDERAL MEN HAVE UNDER SUSPICION?
IT IS! AND I KNOW WHERE HE LIVES! WE'RE PAYIN' HIM A VISIT!


MEANWHILE, AT THE LAMBERT HOME!
VE HAFF PEEN WAITING! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG?
I HAVE THE PLANS BUT THERE IS SOMEONE FOLLOWING! THE TORCH!
THE TORCH! HIMMEL!
DON'T WORRY! I LEFT SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BRING HIM HERE! I HAVE A PLAN! NOW LISTEN--!
ACH! THAT IS GOOT! WE VILL GET HIM THIS TIME!
AND AT THE SAME TIME OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS----
THINK ANYONE'S HOME, TORCH? THERE'S NO LIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW, KID! LET'S TRY THE OTHER SIDE!
GOING AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE---
I STILL DON'T SEE--? WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A LIGHT!
THEN LET'S GO! BUT PUT OUT YOUR FLAME WE DON'T WANT TO BE SPOTTED!
THEIR EYES GLUED ON THE LIGHTED WINDOW!
LOOK, TORCH! THERE'S A MAN IN THERE! IT MIGHT BE LAMBERT!
WE'LL CLOSE UP, TORO! MAYBE WE CAN HEAR WHAT THEY SAY!
AS THE DUO CLOSE UP, THEY UNKNOWINGLY STEP INTO A WIDE LOOP--!
TORO TAKES THE FINAL, AND FATAL STEP--!
WHY, IT LOOKS-- WHA--?
WHAAAAA!


A TREE TRAP, KID--- WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!
YEAH! WE-? OH! OH! WE GOT COMPANY!
HO! HO! THE GREAT HUMAN TORCH! HANGING LIKE A TRUSSED FOWL!
WELL, WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
DIRTY WORK I'LL BET!
PERHAPS! WE'LL REMOVE THE REST OF THE PLANS AND HEAD BACK FOR GERMANY! THAT ASBESTOS ROPE WILL HOLD YOU!
SO WE'VE CAUGHT YOU, EH?
AS LAMBERT AND HIS THUGS LEAVE--!
NOW, WHAT?
FLAME ON, KID, AND TRY TO SWING! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
THE DUO FLAME AND START THE ROPE SWINGING--!
I DON'T GET IT, TORCH! HOW--?
WE'LL GRAB HOLD OF THE TRUNK AT THE END OF THIS SWING, KID! THEN WE'LL JUST--!
BURN RIGHT THRU IT!


FREE AGAIN, THE FIERY DUO FLAME!
I'LL BET LAMBERT NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
AND WILL HE BE SORRY!
MEANWHILE AT THE CARLSBAD PLANT---
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT HAUL! AND IN A FEW HOURS, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO--
THE COOLER--!
O'HH!
HAVE YOU TWO MET BEFORE?
HOW COULD I MISS!
YOW!
WHOOF!
HERE'S THE MASTER SPY HIMSELF, TORCH!
LATER.....
THAT WAS A FINE JOB YOU TWO DID, TORCH! WE WON'T FORGET IT!
WE'RE GLAD TO HELP, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO PUT THEM IN CAGES WHERE SUPER-RATS BELONG!
THE END

BOTTLE NECK

THE BIG Federal "horse" rolled into the grease line, stopped with a sharp sigh of the air brakes. Dennie counted silently along the line, noting with a frown of dissatisfaction that there were twenty-eight jobs waiting for the grease rack. Twenty-eight and more rolling out of the big shop.

"Hi, boss."

Dennie turned as Gregg walked up, leaned against the fender of a six-by-six. Gregg was short and square, his dark face splotched with grease. He asked, "How about getting off tomorrow? Gotta see the dentist—"

"Didn't you see him last week?" Dennie wanted to know, pushing a grimy cap onto the back of close-cropped black hair. They're open evenings, I thought—"

"What's the difference?" Gregg's voice hardened and his chin pushed out. "You'll get by without me. And getting the Captain to sign for a day off—"

Dennie looked away. Gregg had been taking too many days off, although he always seemed to have a perfectly good reason for doing so. But when it boiled down to the dentist, having to take off a whole day just for that . .

Dennie said slowly, "We need everyone on the job. Take a look at that grease line. I was figuring on putting you on the grease rack tomorrow. See if we can't get this stuff finished."

"Me?" Gregg leaned forward. "Me? On the grease rack? I'm no grease monkey. I'm a junior mechanic—

"No matter what your title may be, you're here to do whatever has to be done. Whether it's greasing or repairing. Tomorrow you're on the rack!"

The last of the morning shift filed past the time clock in the morning, and Dennie walked over to the card racks. He noted, with a pinch of anger, that Gregg's card was still in the out rack. Which could mean that Gregg was late or . . . staying off anyway. Dennie picked the card out of its slot, walked into the shop office. There were a few other absentees, laborers and the old guy who took care of the gas pump out on the apron. That wasn't so bad, but Gregg . . .

Evidently Gregg didn't give a hoot one way or the other. Jobs were just around every corner practically pleading for someone to come in and take them. Wages were reasonably good most anywhere, and Gregg, like the others, knew this. Gregg was leader in the heavy unit bay, which was another reason that it was bad for him to be out like this. Not that Gregg knew much more about the big assemblies than the others, but because he was the one who set the pace, who kept the others following. Follow the leader was a modern, serious game. But Gregg wasn't here to lead today and tomorrow—

DENNIE pulled the thick sheaf of completions forward on his desk, signed them automatically. He stood up then, started out into the shop. The phone jangled and he waited while Phil answered it.

"Gregg won't be in today," Phil announced with a grin. "He's—sick! You wouldn't think it to look at him."

Dennie went out into the rumble of the shop. He was worried about Gregg and about the shop. This stuff was moving but there was a bottle neck over at the grease rack. It was like robbing Peter to pay Paul to take a crew off the other department. But something had to be done.

Was Gregg really sick? Dennie was sure he wasn't. Gregg was a good worker and knew the conglomeration of army trucks inside and out. If he quit they'd be out a good man. Yet it was hard to convince Gregg that he was needed every minute of the working day on the job. It wasn't impossible to take him out and appoint a new leader. But that would cause trouble, because, in a way, it was a demotion. And Gregg would resign.

Early that afternoon Dennie slid out of his overalls, pulled on his hat. He showed his pass at the gate, then crossed to his car and drove away.

Gregg's neighborhood wasn't over-imposing but it wasn't shabby. As Dennie got out of the car Gregg turned the corner. Dennie leaned against the fender of his car.

As he approached Gregg nodded briefly, studying Dennie's face. "I got out a while—"

"To see the dentist?"

"Maybe while I was at it I went to see about another job!" A smile pulled strong lips away from his gleaming teeth.

"I figured that would happen, Gregg." Dennie hesitated a moment, wondering if it were any use to argue. "This work we're doing is the real thing, Gregg. *It's got to be done.* You're like a lot of other guys—"

"You'll never miss me." Gregg's face wore a frown. "I'm not so important."

Dennie said, "You forget sometimes that there are a lot of guys a lot worse off than we are. Guys who are depending on us, Gregg. I was up before Captain Wright the other afternoon. There's going to be a change, Gregg. We've got to build up production. We've got to give till it hurts. If I can't do it, someone else will have a try. And that'll let me out!"

Gregg demanded: "Why tell me?"

"Because," Dennie said, "it's as much your job as mine. We're short-handed. There isn't any help. We've got to do more than our share!"

"That," Gregg said softly, "is your headache. You're the foreman!"

DENNIE punched his card in, dropped it in the in-rack and walked away to the washroom. Getting into his overalls, he tried not to think about going over onto the grease rack himself. Not that he minded but because . . . well, when you've been foreman for over a year and then step down . . .

Ted Carter walked in, hanging up his coat. He smiled across at Dennie. "Getting into your fighting togs, eh?" Carter commented. "You'll have to give me some pointers if I need 'em, Dennie. I've been working with the outfit a while now and should be able to swing it. . . ."

"Just holler," Dennie said. He started toward the door, then paused to ask, "Did . . . Gregg come in this morning?"

Carter rolled up his sleeves. "Yes. Just now."

Dennie walked out, skirting the backs of the big trucks pulled up nose-to-nose, in the center of the big floor. Already motors were growling, exhausts belching blue clouds of smoke. Andy dropped a creeper on the floor, swung down onto it, holding onto the bumper. He squinted back up at Dennie.

"Hi," Andy called. "What's this I hear about you?"

Dennie swung on past. "Got a new job," he admitted over his shoulder. "See you later."

He reached the grease rack and swung down into the long concrete pit. A G.M.C. cargo stood right over his head and Dennie picked up a pressure gun, wiped the grease fittings clean and pushed the gun against the fitting. The machine panted and grease oozed slowly out of the fitting. He wiped it off, cleaned another. . . .

SOMEONE swung down into the pit, stood with one hand on the rear axle of the big cargo. Gregg said in a startled voice, "Hey, What—"

Dennie looked around. "Carter send you over?"

"No. Yesterday you— What is this? What're you doing down here?"

Dennie wiped another fitting clean before pushing the head against it, pressing the trigger. The machine chugged wearily and clean grease slid sluggishly out of the fitting. Dennie said, "I demoted myself. You're not taking orders from me any more!"

"Are you kidding me?" Gregg stooped down and advanced till he could straighten his squat figure under the truck. "Look, Dennie—"

"There's another gun," Dennie pointed out. "If you're helping me, Gregg, you've got to get the lead out of your pockets. I'm not here because I want to be but because I've got to be!"

Gregg automatically picked up the gun, fished out a hunk of rag and wiped the head clean. "Were you kidding me yesterday?" he asked. "About the Captain— Y'mean—he demoted you because production isn't high enough?"

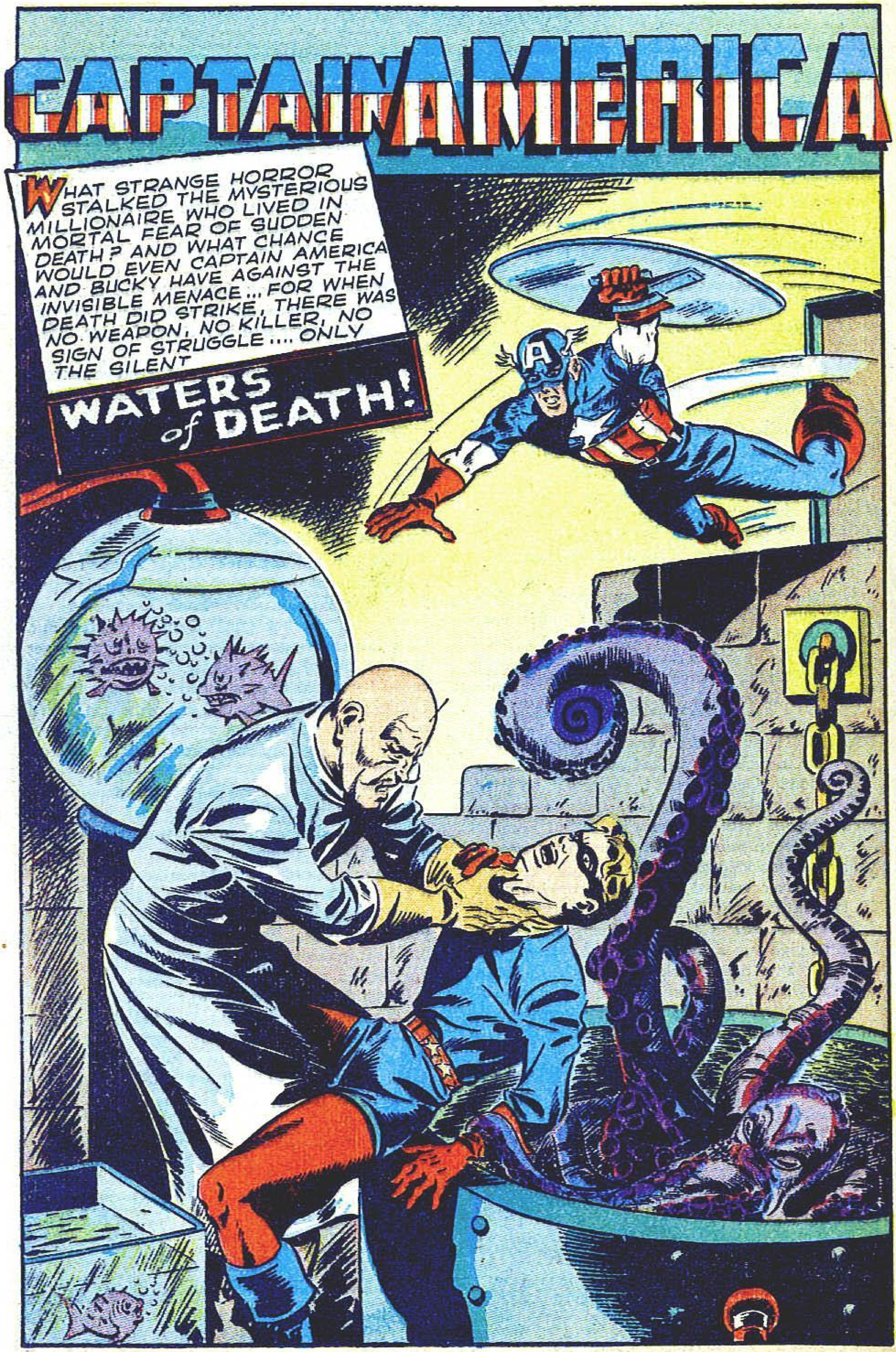
Dennie hesitated. "No. He said we'd have to reshuffle the crew to get the most out of everybody. I demoted myself to this job. I can do a lot more down here in the grease pit as a grease-monkey than up there walking around the floor trying to keep you guys going. Carter's your new boss. He isn't fast enough for this but he'll make a good foreman. This is where I'm needed most!"

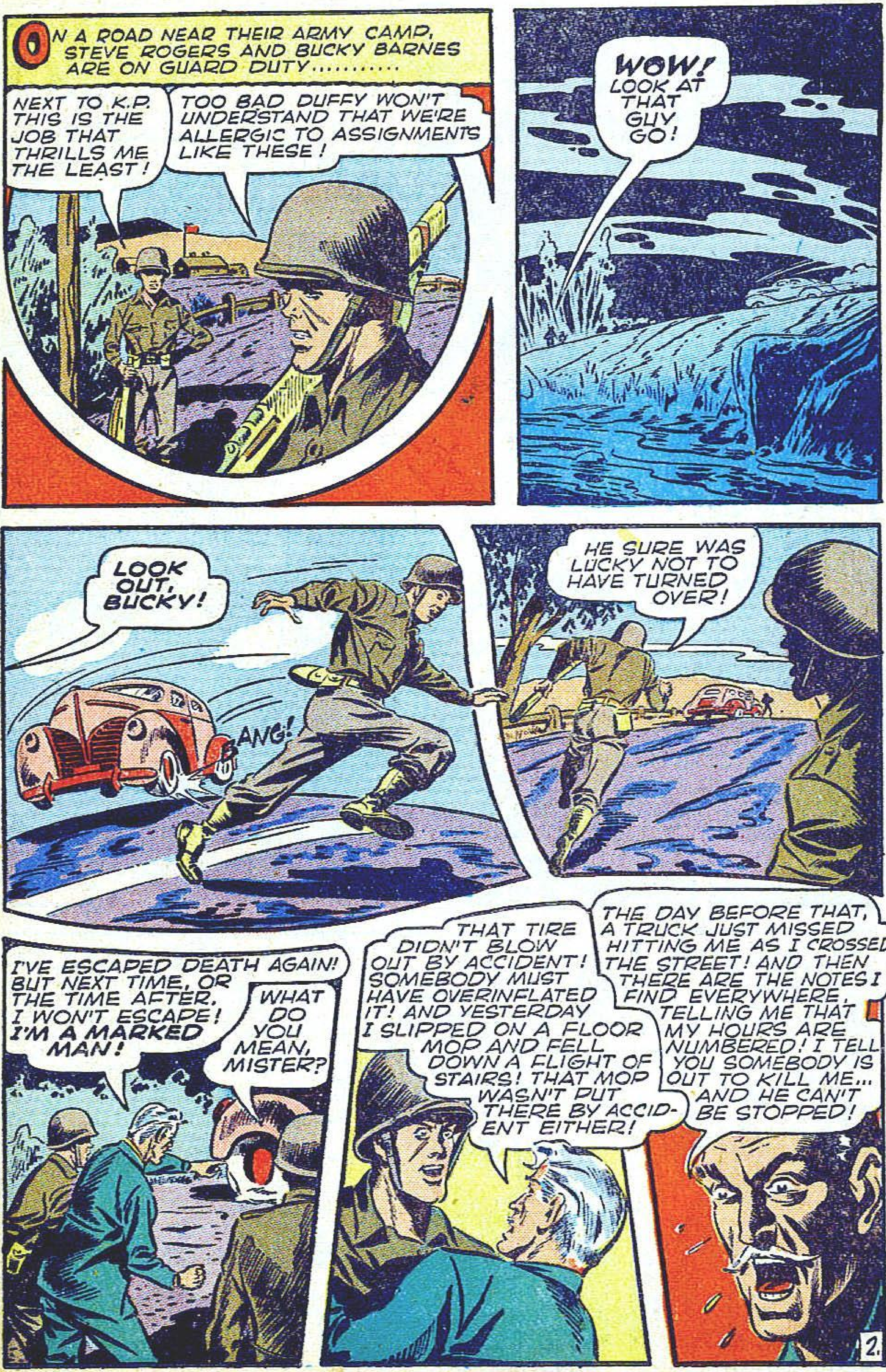
Gregg fitted the nozzle to the fitting, pressed the trigger. The machine chugged a second or two and Gregg pulled it away, wiped the fitting clean. "I think you're nuts," he admitted. "But . . . heck, Dennie. I'll get down to business. And I'll get the rest of this crew moving, too. If I'm leader—"

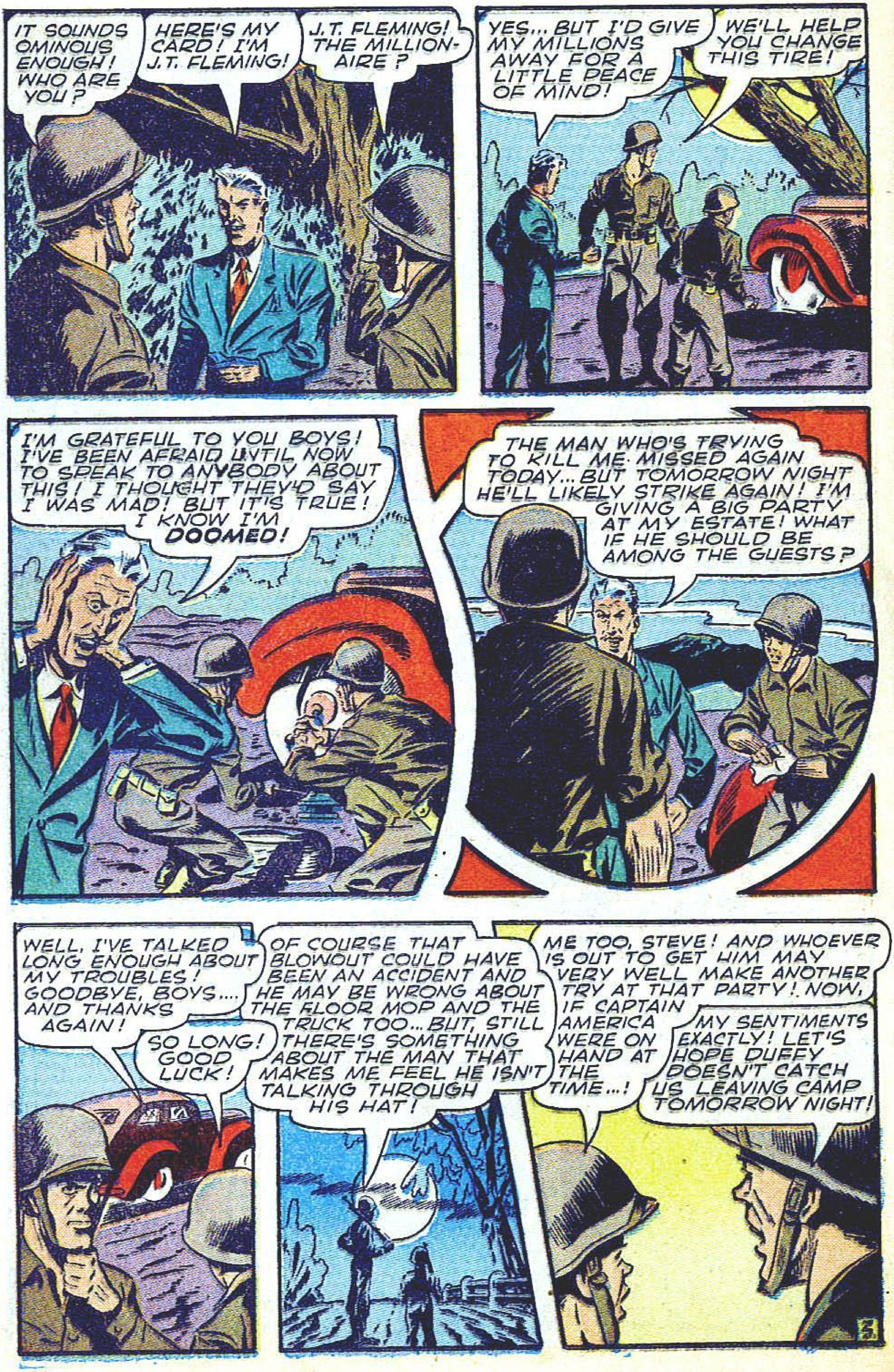
"You aren't," Dennie said with a grin. "I'm leader down here. You're following me from now on!"

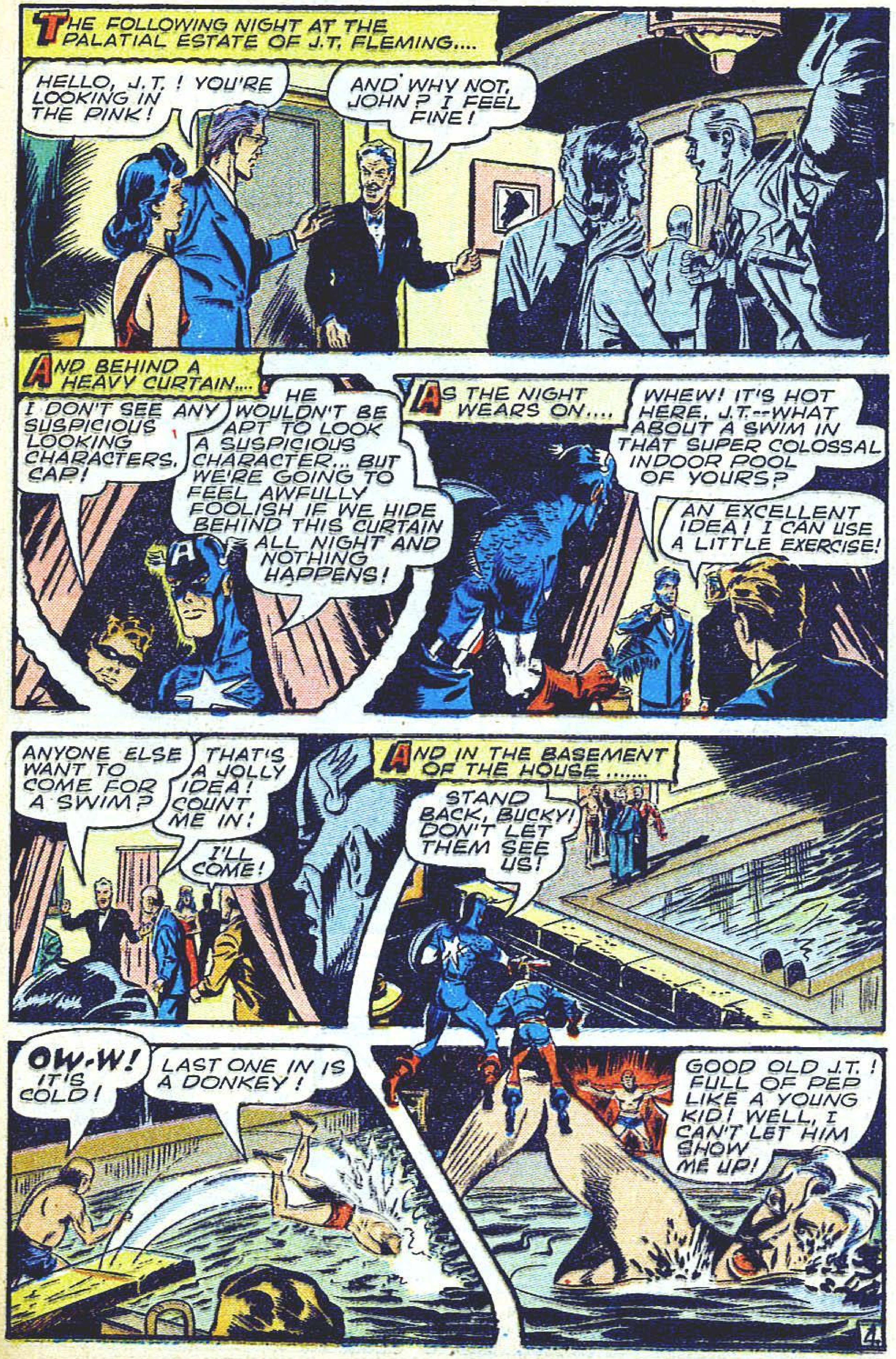
Gregg grinned. "Okay, boss. You lead and I'll . . . follow. And fast!"

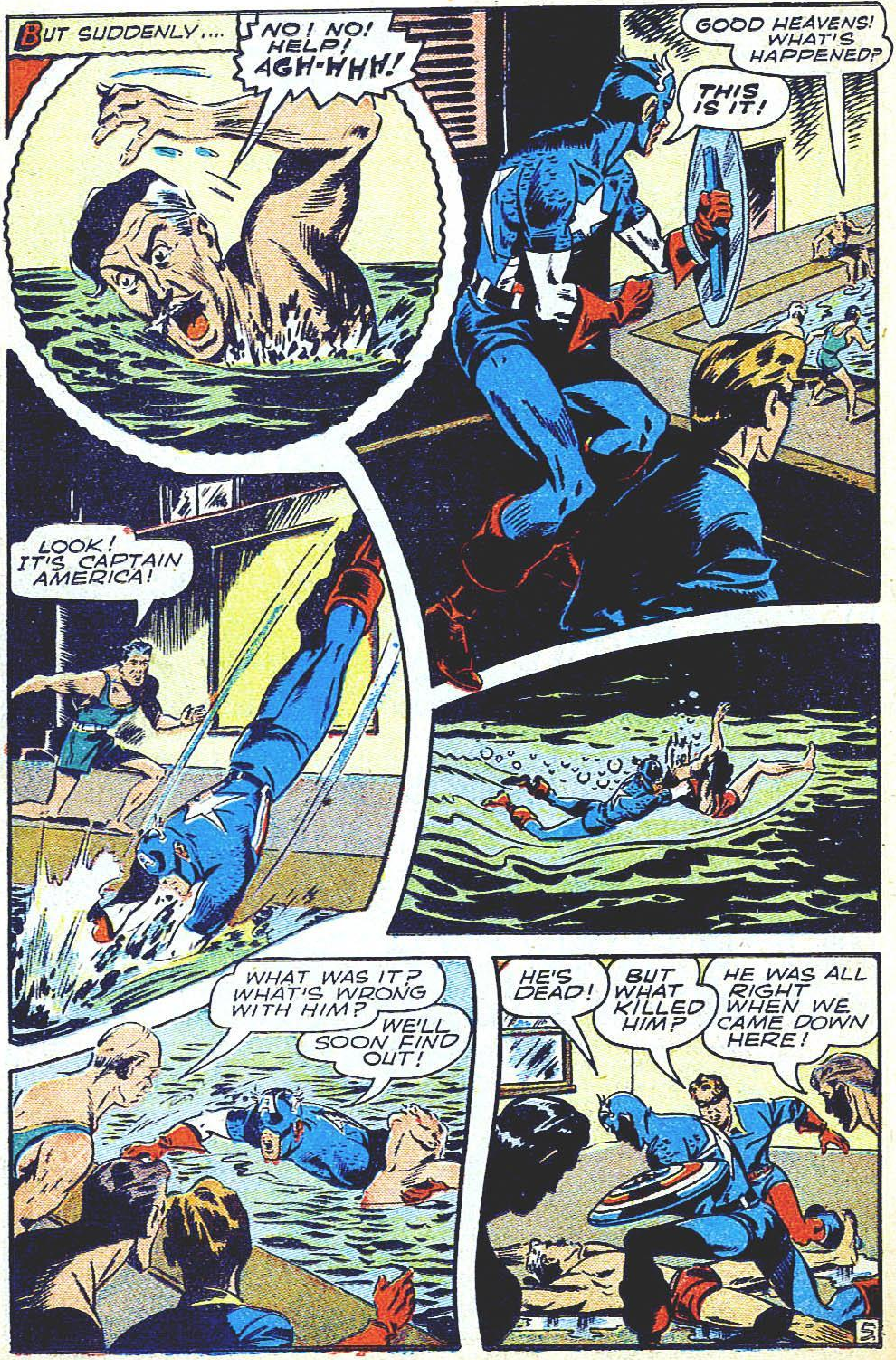
THE END

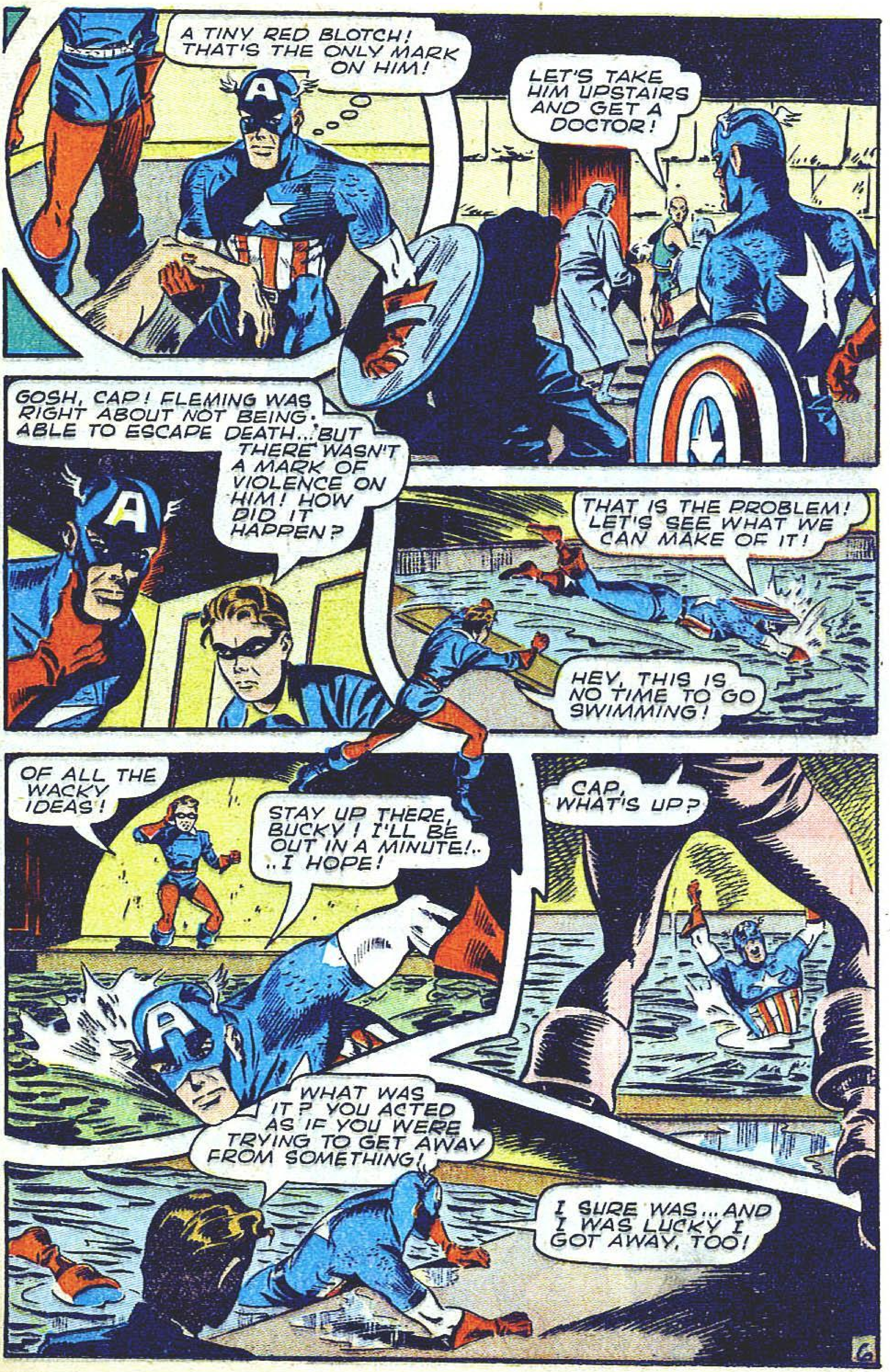

CAPTAIN AMERICA
WHAT STRANGE HORROR STALKED THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE WHO LIVED IN MORTAL FEAR OF SUDDEN DEATH? AND WHAT CHANCE WOULD EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HAVE AGAINST THE INVISIBLE MENACE... FOR WHEN DEATH DID STRIKE, THERE WAS NO WEAPON, NO KILLER, NO SIGN OF STRUGGLE.... ONLY THE SILENT
WATERS of DEATH!
A

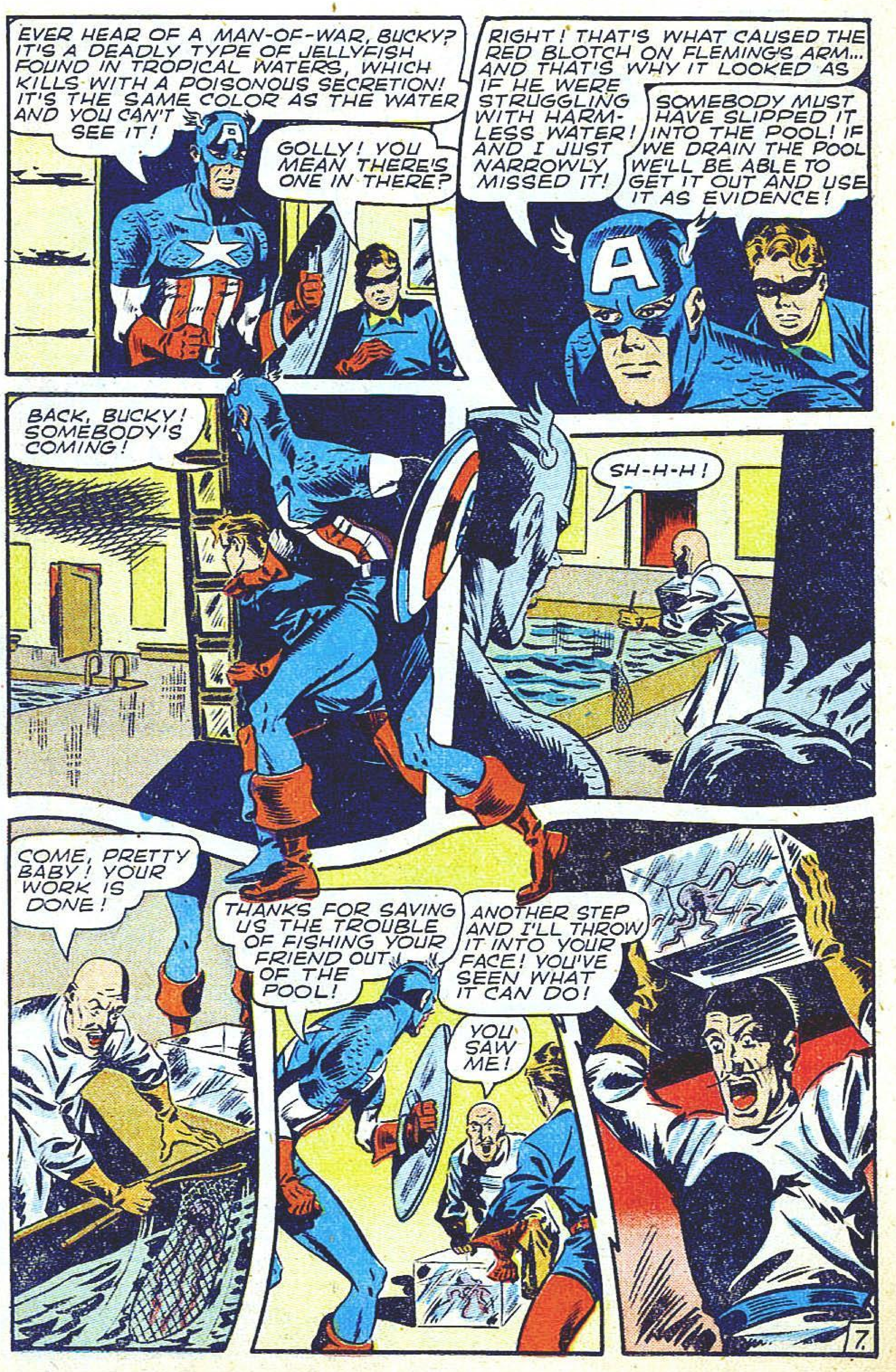

ON A ROAD NEAR THEIR ARMY CAMP, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE ON GUARD DUTY..........
NEXT TO K.P. THIS IS THE JOB THAT THRILLS ME THE LEAST!
TOO BAD DUFFY WON'T UNDERSTAND THAT WE'RE ALLERGIC TO ASSIGNMENTS LIKE THESE!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT GUY GO!
LOOK OUT, BUCKY!
ANG!
HE SURE WAS LUCKY NOT TO HAVE TURNED OVER!
I'VE ESCAPED DEATH AGAIN! BUT NEXT TIME, OR THE TIME AFTER, I WON'T ESCAPE! I'M A MARKED MAN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISTER?
THAT TIRE DIDN'T BLOW OUT BY ACCIDENT! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE OVERINFLATED IT! AND YESTERDAY I SLIPPED ON A FLOOR MOP AND FELL DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS! THAT MOP WASN'T PUT THERE BY ACCIDENT EITHER!
THE DAY BEFORE THAT, A TRUCK JUST MISSED HITTING ME AS I CROSSED THE STREET! AND THEN THERE ARE THE NOTES I FIND EVERYWHERE, TELLING ME THAT MY HOURS ARE NUMBERED! I TELL YOU SOMEBODY IS OUT TO KILL ME... AND HE CAN'T BE STOPPED!
2.

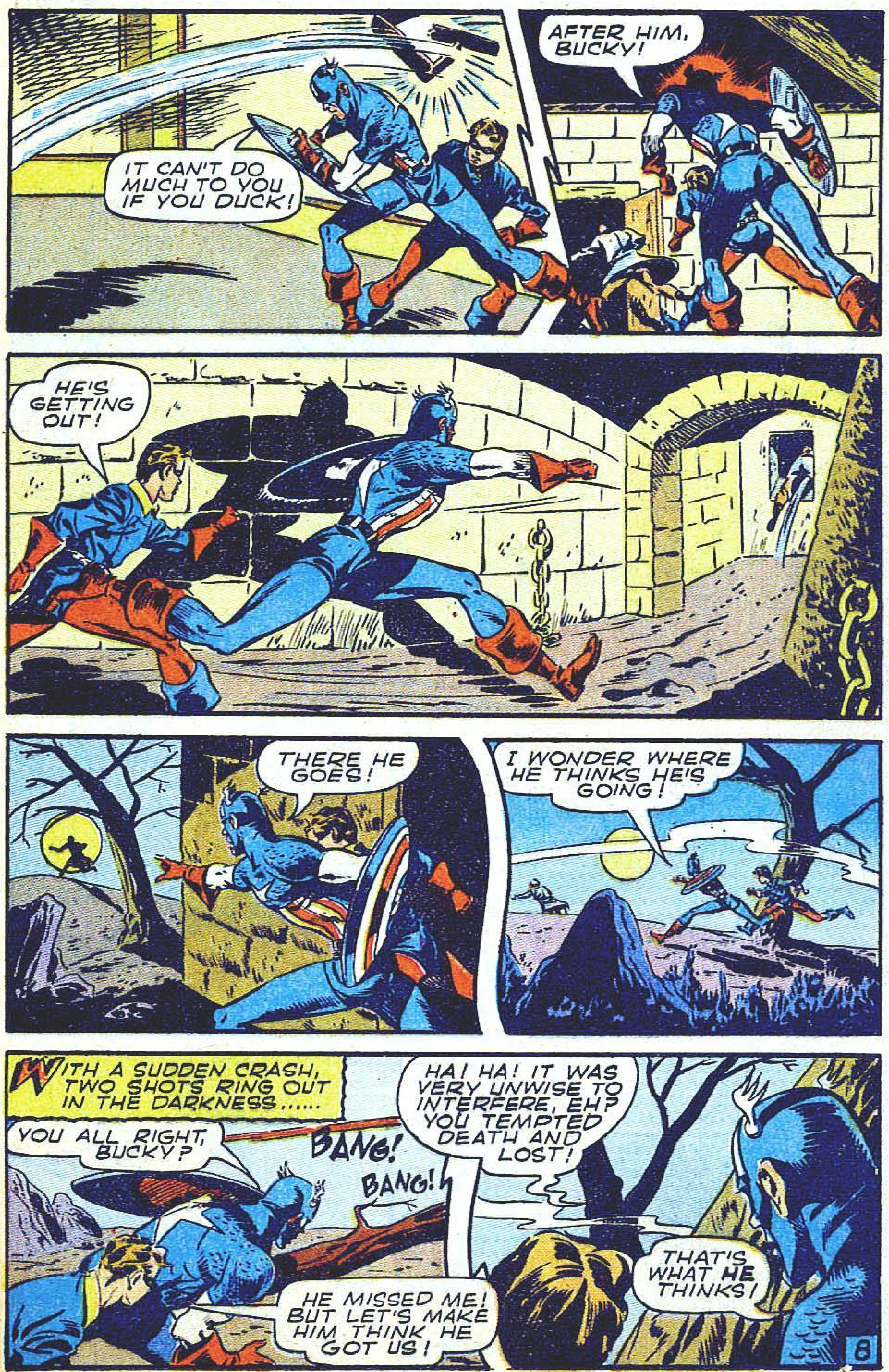

IT SOUNDS OMINOUS ENOUGH! WHO ARE YOU?
HERE'S MY CARD! I'M J.T. FLEMING!
J.T. FLEMING! THE MILLIONAIRE?
YES... BUT I'D GIVE MY MILLIONS AWAY FOR A LITTLE PEACE OF MIND!
WE'LL HELP YOU CHANGE THIS TIRE!
I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU BOYS! I'VE BEEN AFRAID UNTIL NOW TO SPEAK TO ANYBODY ABOUT THIS! I THOUGHT THEY'D SAY I WAS MAD! BUT IT'S TRUE! I KNOW I'M DOOMED!
THE MAN WHO'S TRYING TO KILL ME MISSED AGAIN TODAY... BUT TOMORROW NIGHT HE'LL LIKELY STRIKE AGAIN! I'M GIVING A BIG PARTY AT MY ESTATE! WHAT IF HE SHOULD BE AMONG THE GUESTS?
WELL, I'VE TALKED LONG ENOUGH ABOUT MY TROUBLES! GOODBYE, BOYS.... AND THANKS AGAIN!
SO LONG! GOOD LUCK!
OF COURSE THAT BLOWOUT COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT AND HE MAY BE WRONG ABOUT THE FLOOR MOP AND THE TRUCK TOO... BUT, STILL THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN THAT MAKES ME FEEL HE ISN'T TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT!
ME TOO, STEVE! AND WHOEVER IS OUT TO GET HIM MAY VERY WELL MAKE ANOTHER TRY AT THAT PARTY! NOW, IF CAPTAIN AMERICA WERE ON HAND AT THE TIME...!
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY! LET'S HOPE DUFFY DOESN'T CATCH US LEAVING CAMP TOMORROW NIGHT!

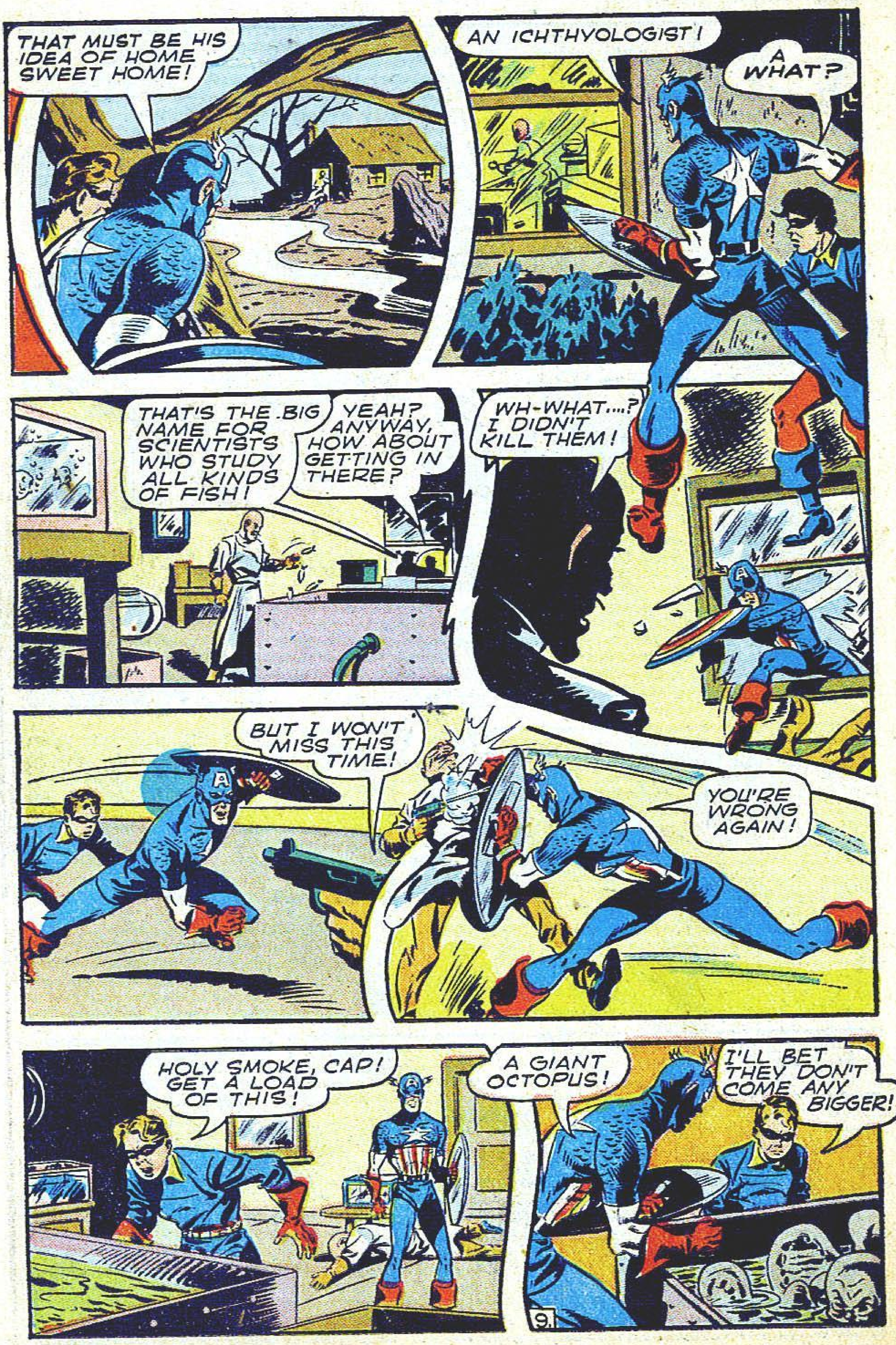

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF J.T. FLEMING....
HELLO, J.T.! YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE PINK!
AND WHY NOT, JOHN? I FEEL FINE!
AND BEHIND A HEAVY CURTAIN....
I DON'T SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTERS, CAP!
HE WOULDN'T BE APT TO LOOK A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER... BUT WE'RE GOING TO FEEL AWFULLY FOOLISH IF WE HIDE BEHIND THIS CURTAIN ALL NIGHT AND NOTHING HAPPENS!
AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON....
WHEW! IT'S HOT HERE, J.T.--WHAT ABOUT A SWIM IN THAT SUPER COLOSSAL INDOOR POOL OF YOURS?
AN EXCELLENT IDEA! I CAN USE A LITTLE EXERCISE!
ANYONE ELSE WANT TO COME FOR A SWIM?
THAT'S A JOLLY IDEA! COUNT ME IN!
I'LL COME!
AND IN THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSE......
STAND BACK, BUCKY! DON'T LET THEM SEE US!
OW-W! IT'S COLD!
LAST ONE IN IS A DONKEY!
GOOD OLD J.T.! FULL OF PEP LIKE A YOUNG KID! WELL, I CAN'T LET HIM SHOW ME UP!

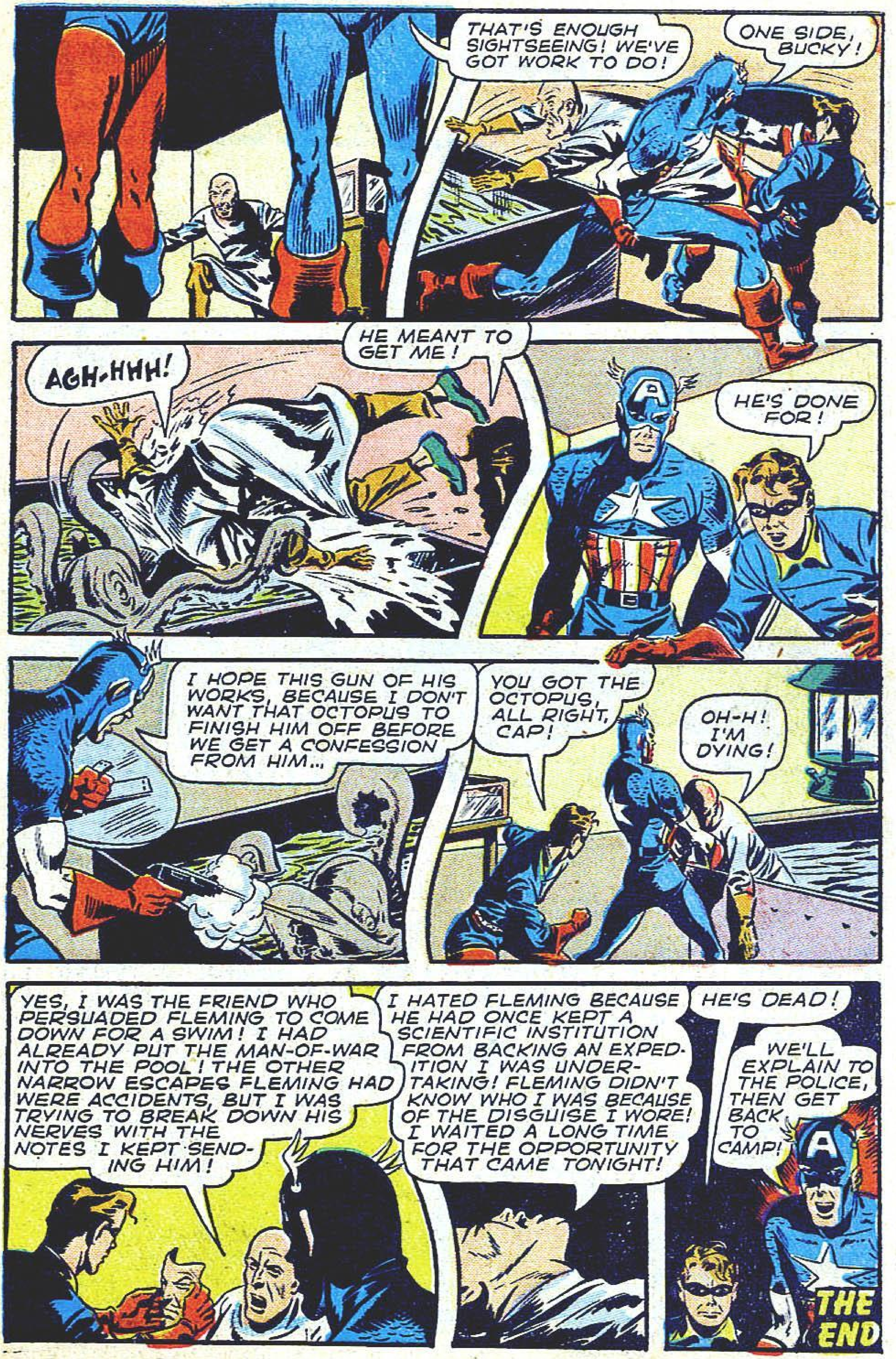

BUT SUDDENLY....
NO! NO! HELP! AGH-HHH!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
THIS IS IT!
LOOK! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT WAS IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
HE'S DEAD!
BUT WHAT KILLED HIM?
HE WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN WE CAME DOWN HERE!

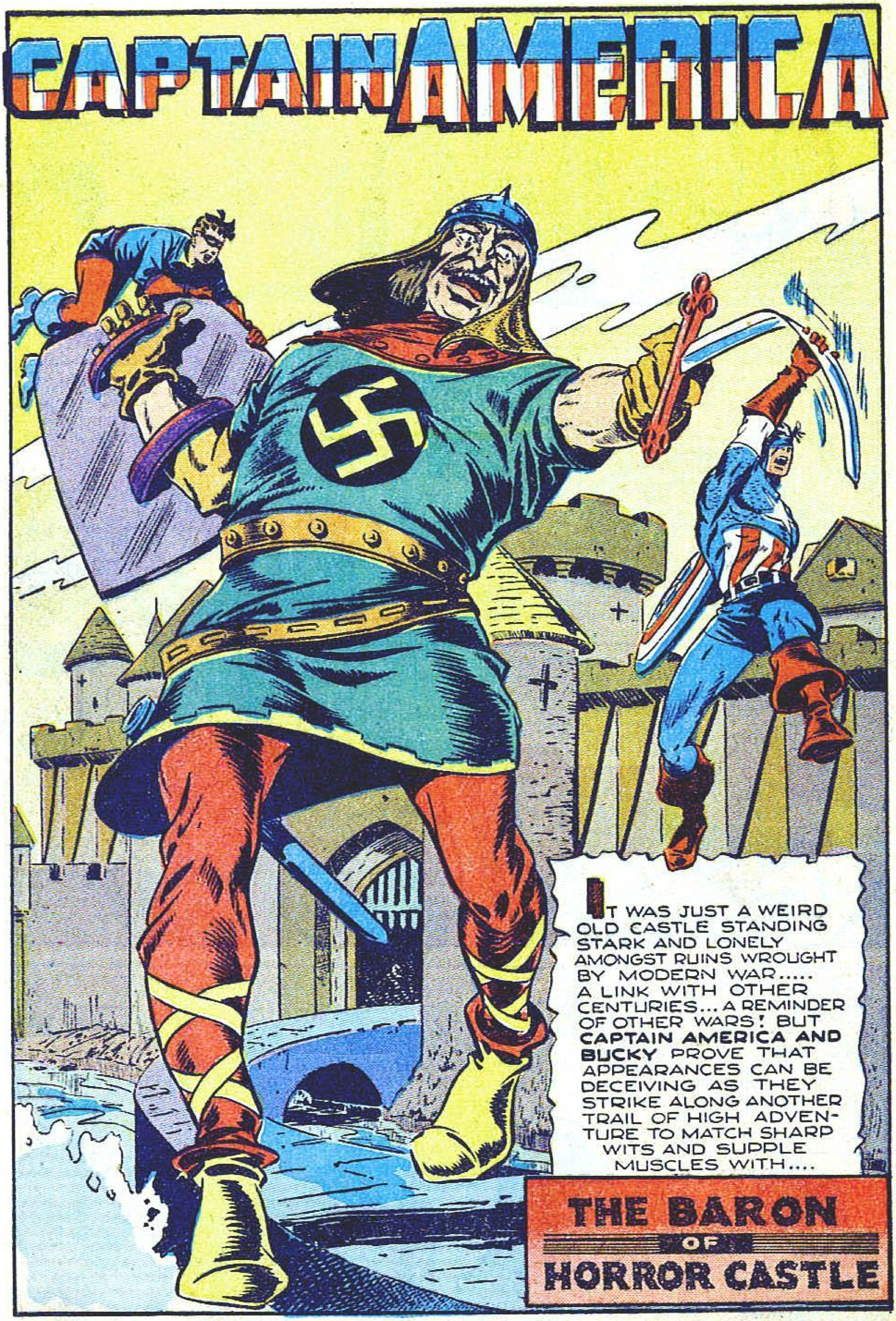

A TINY RED BLOTCH! THAT'S THE ONLY MARK ON HIM!
LET'S TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS AND GET A DOCTOR!
GOSH, CAP! FLEMING WAS RIGHT ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO ESCAPE DEATH... BUT THERE WASN'T A MARK OF VIOLENCE ON HIM! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
THAT IS THE PROBLEM! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN MAKE OF IT!
HEY, THIS IS NO TIME TO GO SWIMMING!
OF ALL THE WACKY IDEAS!
STAY UP THERE, BUCKY! I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!.. ..I HOPE!
CAP, WHAT'S UP?
WHAT WAS IT? YOU ACTED AS IF YOU WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM SOMETHING!
I SURE WAS... AND I WAS LUCKY I GOT AWAY, TOO!

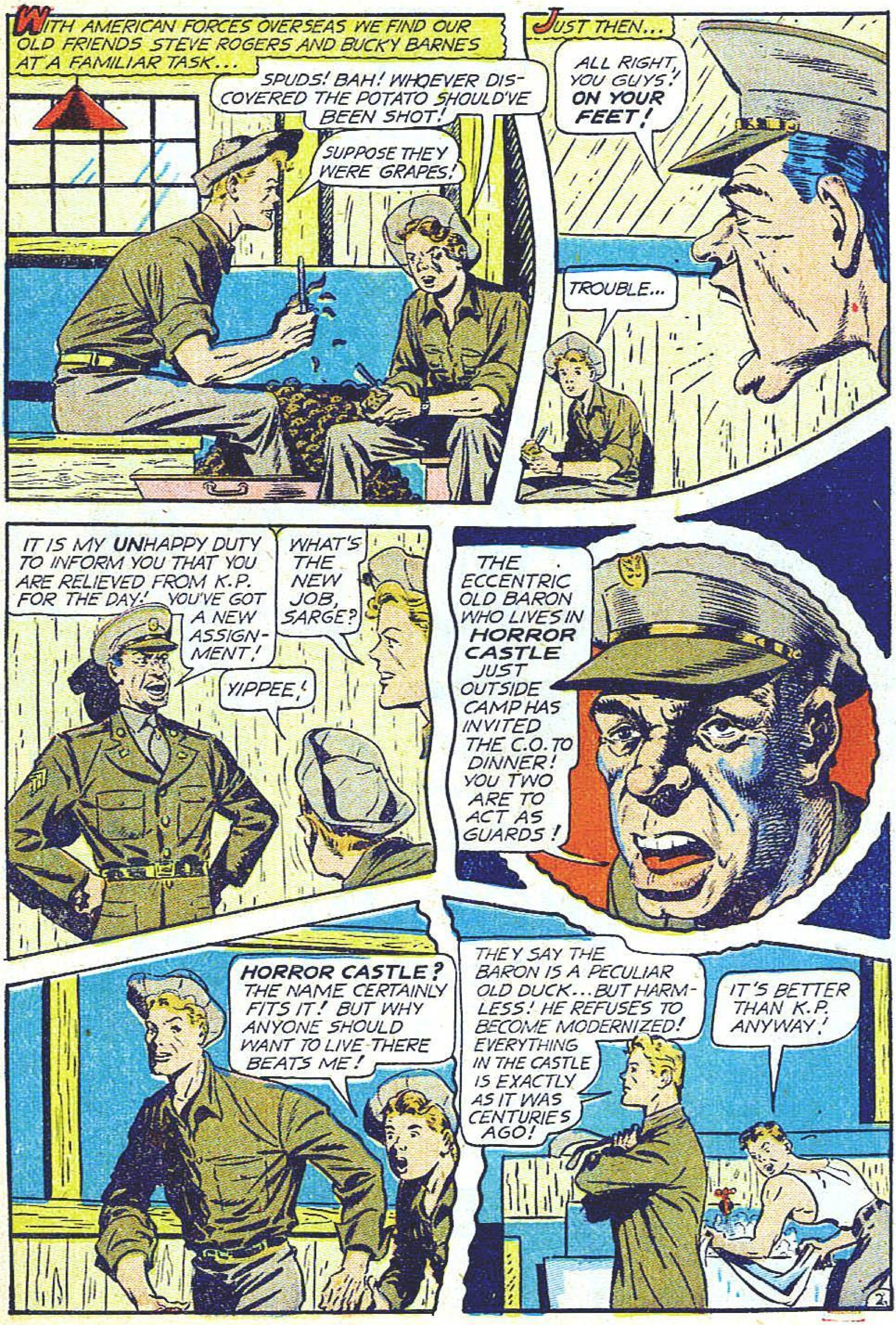

EVER HEAR OF A MAN-OF-WAR, BUCKY? IT'S A DEADLY TYPE OF JELLYFISH FOUND IN TROPICAL WATERS, WHICH KILLS WITH A POISONOUS SECRETION! IT'S THE SAME COLOR AS THE WATER AND YOU CAN'T SEE IT!
GOLLY! YOU MEAN THERE'S ONE IN THERE?
RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE RED BLOTCH ON FLEMING'S ARM... AND THAT'S WHY IT LOOKED AS IF HE WERE STRUGGLING WITH HARMLESS WATER! AND I JUST NARROWLY MISSED IT!
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SLIPPED IT INTO THE POOL! IF WE DRAIN THE POOL WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET IT OUT AND USE IT AS EVIDENCE!
BACK, BUCKY! SOMEBODY'S COMING!
SH-H-H!
COME, PRETTY BABY! YOUR WORK IS DONE!
THANKS FOR SAVING US THE TROUBLE OF FISHING YOUR FRIEND OUT OF THE POOL!
YOU SAW ME!
ANOTHER STEP AND I'LL THROW IT INTO YOUR FACE! YOU'VE SEEN WHAT IT CAN DO!

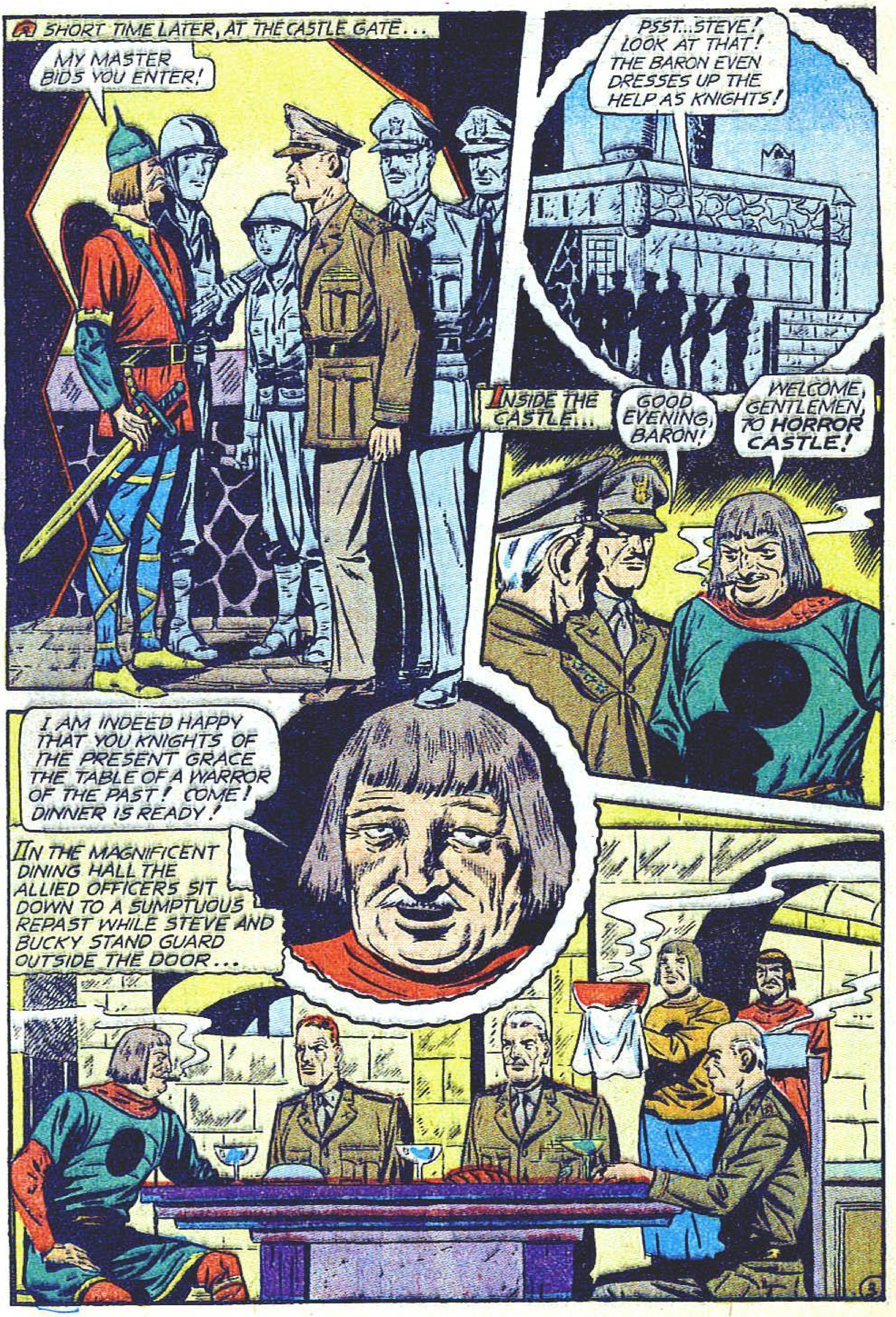

IT CAN'T DO MUCH TO YOU IF YOU DUCK!
AFTER HIM, BUCKY!
HE'S GETTING OUT!
THERE HE GOES!
I WONDER WHERE HE THINKS HE'S GOING!
WITH A SUDDEN CRASH, TWO SHOTS RING OUT IN THE DARKNESS......
YOU ALL RIGHT, BUCKY?
BANG!
BANG!
HA! HA! IT WAS VERY UNWISE TO INTERFERE, EH? YOU TEMPTED DEATH AND LOST!
HE MISSED ME! BUT LET'S MAKE HIM THINK HE GOT US!
THAT'S WHAT **HE** THINKS!

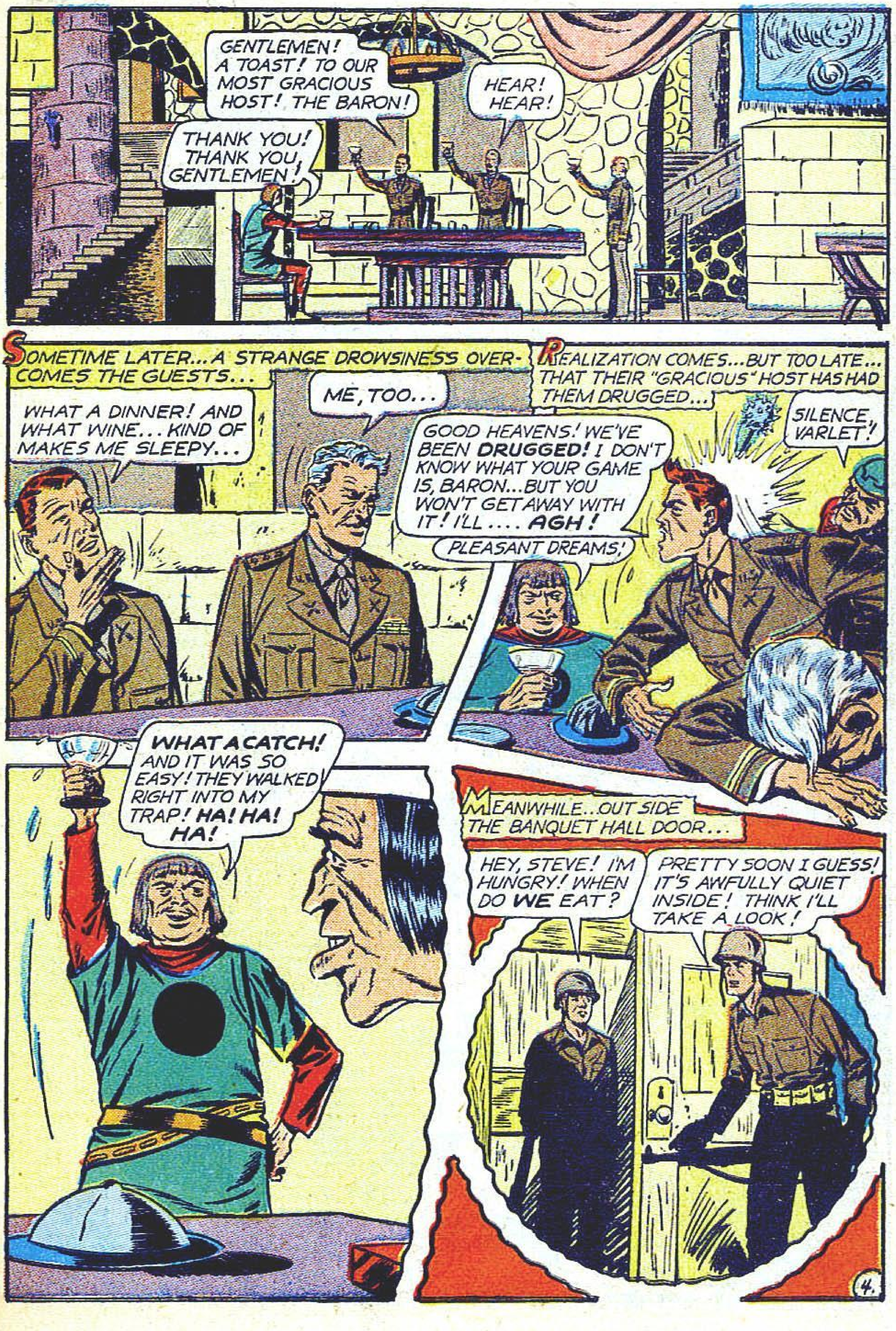

THAT MUST BE HIS IDEA OF HOME SWEET HOME!
AN ICHTHYOLOGIST!
A WHAT?
THAT'S THE BIG NAME FOR SCIENTISTS WHO STUDY ALL KINDS OF FISH!
YEAH? ANYWAY, HOW ABOUT GETTING IN THERE?
WH-WHAT....? I DIDN'T KILL THEM!
BUT I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!
YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN!
HOLY SMOKE, CAP! GET A LOAD OF THIS!
A GIANT OCTOPUS!
I'LL BET THEY DON'T COME ANY BIGGER!

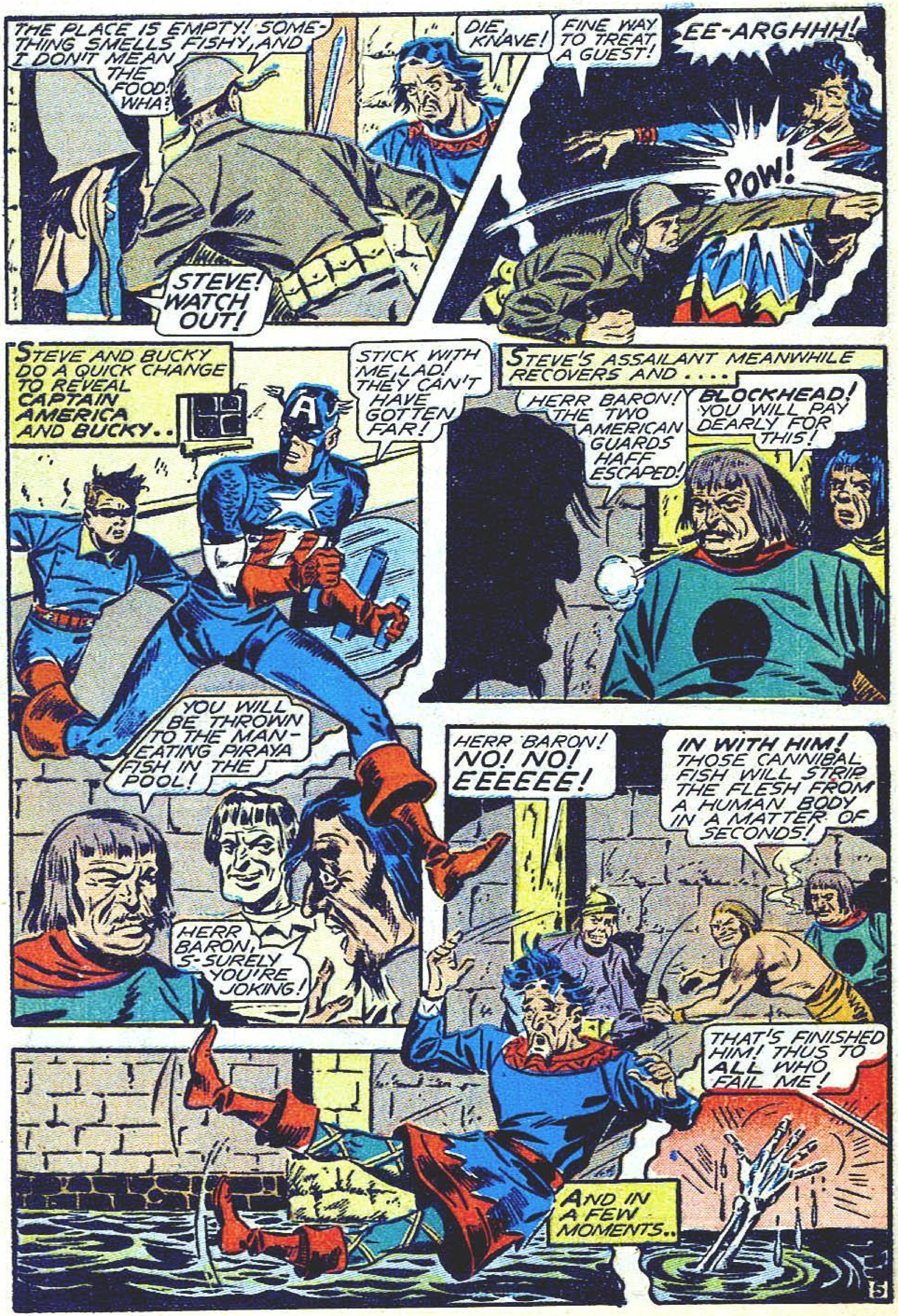

THAT'S ENOUGH SIGHTSEEING! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
ONE SIDE, BUCKY!
AGH-HHH!
HE MEANT TO GET ME!
HE'S DONE FOR!
I HOPE THIS GUN OF HIS WORKS, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THAT OCTOPUS TO FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE WE GET A CONFESSION FROM HIM...
YOU GOT THE OCTOPUS, ALL RIGHT, CAP!
OH-H! I'M DYING!
YES, I WAS THE FRIEND WHO PERSUADED FLEMING TO COME DOWN FOR A SWIM! I HAD ALREADY PUT THE MAN-OF-WAR INTO THE POOL! THE OTHER NARROW ESCAPES FLEMING HAD WERE ACCIDENTS, BUT I WAS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN HIS NERVES WITH THE NOTES I KEPT SENDING HIM!
I HATED FLEMING BECAUSE HE HAD ONCE KEPT A SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION FROM BACKING AN EXPEDITION I WAS UNDERTAKING! FLEMING DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS BECAUSE OF THE DISGUISE I WORE! I WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THE OPPORTUNITY THAT CAME TONIGHT!
HE'S DEAD!
WE'LL EXPLAIN TO THE POLICE, THEN GET BACK TO CAMP!
THE END

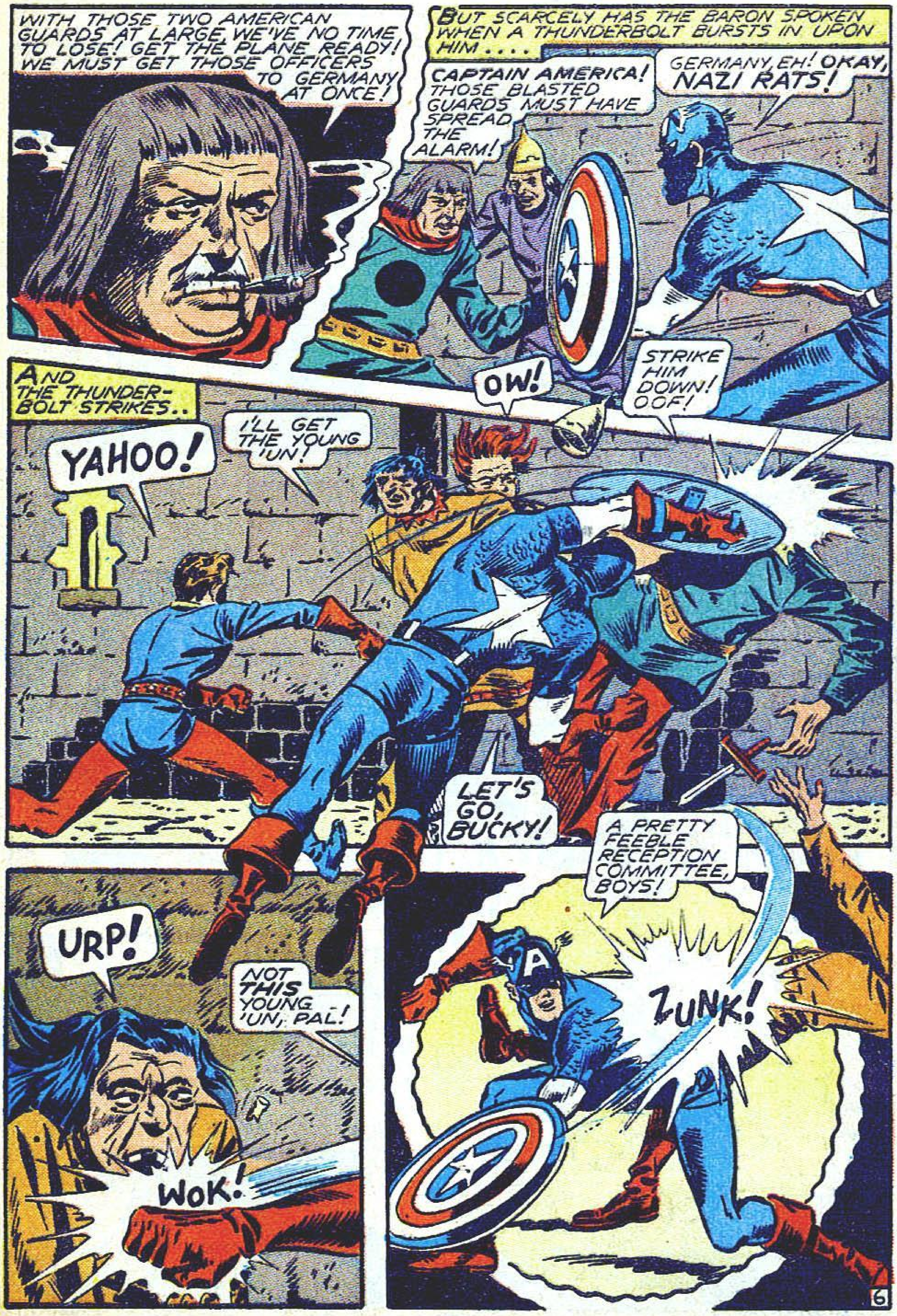

CAPTAIN AMERICA
IT WAS JUST A WEIRD OLD CASTLE STANDING STARK AND LONELY AMONGST RUINS WROUGHT BY MODERN WAR..... A LINK WITH OTHER CENTURIES... A REMINDER OF OTHER WARS! BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY PROVE THAT APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING AS THEY STRIKE ALONG ANOTHER TRAIL OF HIGH ADVENTURE TO MATCH SHARP WITS AND SUPPLE MUSCLES WITH....
THE BARON OF HORROR CASTLE

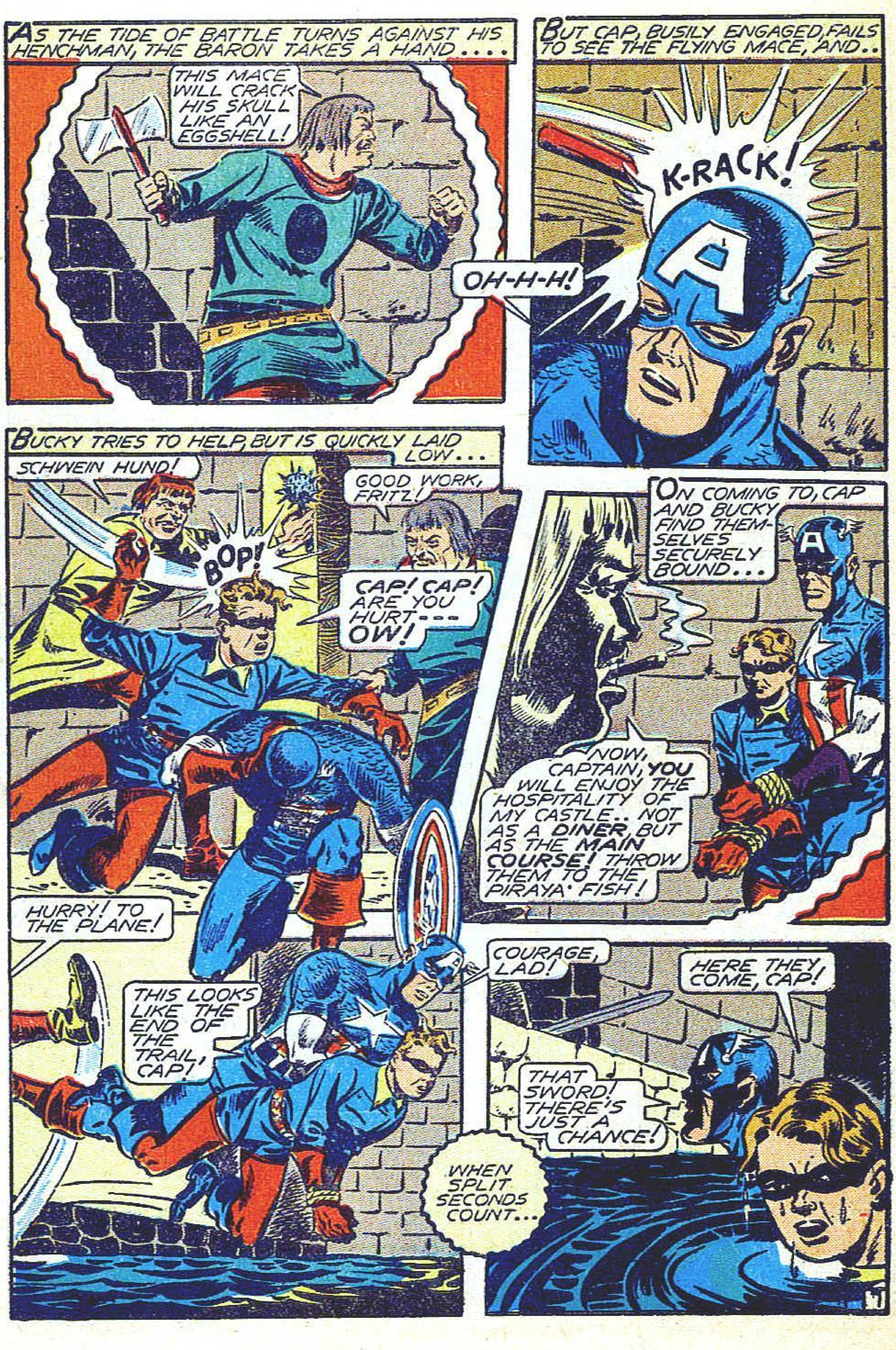

WITH AMERICAN FORCES OVERSEAS WE FIND OUR OLD FRIENDS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES AT A FAMILIAR TASK...
SPUDS! BAH! WHOEVER DISCOVERED THE POTATO SHOULD'VE BEEN SHOT!
SUPPOSE THEY WERE GRAPES!
JUST THEN...
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! **ON YOUR FEET!**
TROUBLE...
IT IS MY **UN**HAPPY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE RELIEVED FROM K.P. FOR THE DAY! YOU'VE GOT A NEW ASSIGNMENT!
WHAT'S THE NEW JOB, SARGE?
YIPPEE!
THE ECCENTRIC OLD BARON WHO LIVES IN **HORROR CASTLE** JUST OUTSIDE CAMP HAS INVITED THE C.O. TO DINNER! YOU TWO ARE TO ACT AS GUARDS!
HORROR CASTLE? THE NAME CERTAINLY FITS IT! BUT WHY ANYONE SHOULD WANT TO LIVE THERE BEATS ME!
THEY SAY THE BARON IS A PECULIAR OLD DUCK... BUT HARMLESS! HE REFUSES TO BECOME MODERNIZED! EVERYTHING IN THE CASTLE IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS CENTURIES AGO!
IT'S BETTER THAN K.P. ANYWAY!

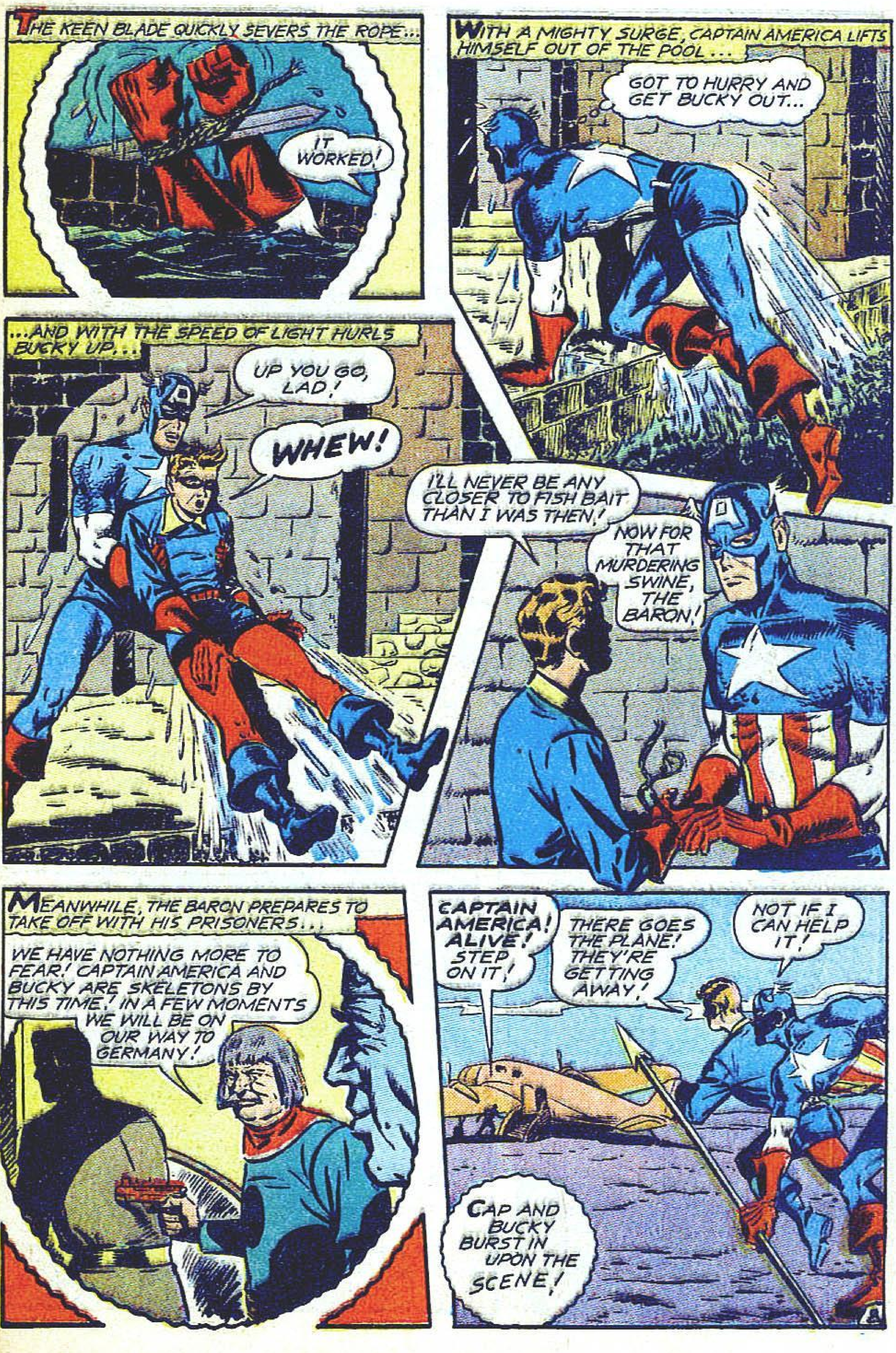

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE CASTLE GATE...
MY MASTER BIDS YOU ENTER!
PSST...STEVE! LOOK AT THAT! THE BARON EVEN DRESSES UP THE HELP AS KNIGHTS!
INSIDE THE CASTLE...
GOOD EVENING, BARON!
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN, TO HORROR CASTLE!
I AM INDEED HAPPY THAT YOU KNIGHTS OF THE PRESENT GRACE THE TABLE OF A WARROR OF THE PAST! COME! DINNER IS READY!
IN THE MAGNIFICENT DINING HALL THE ALLIED OFFICERS SIT DOWN TO A SUMPTUOUS REPAST WHILE STEVE AND BUCKY STAND GUARD OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

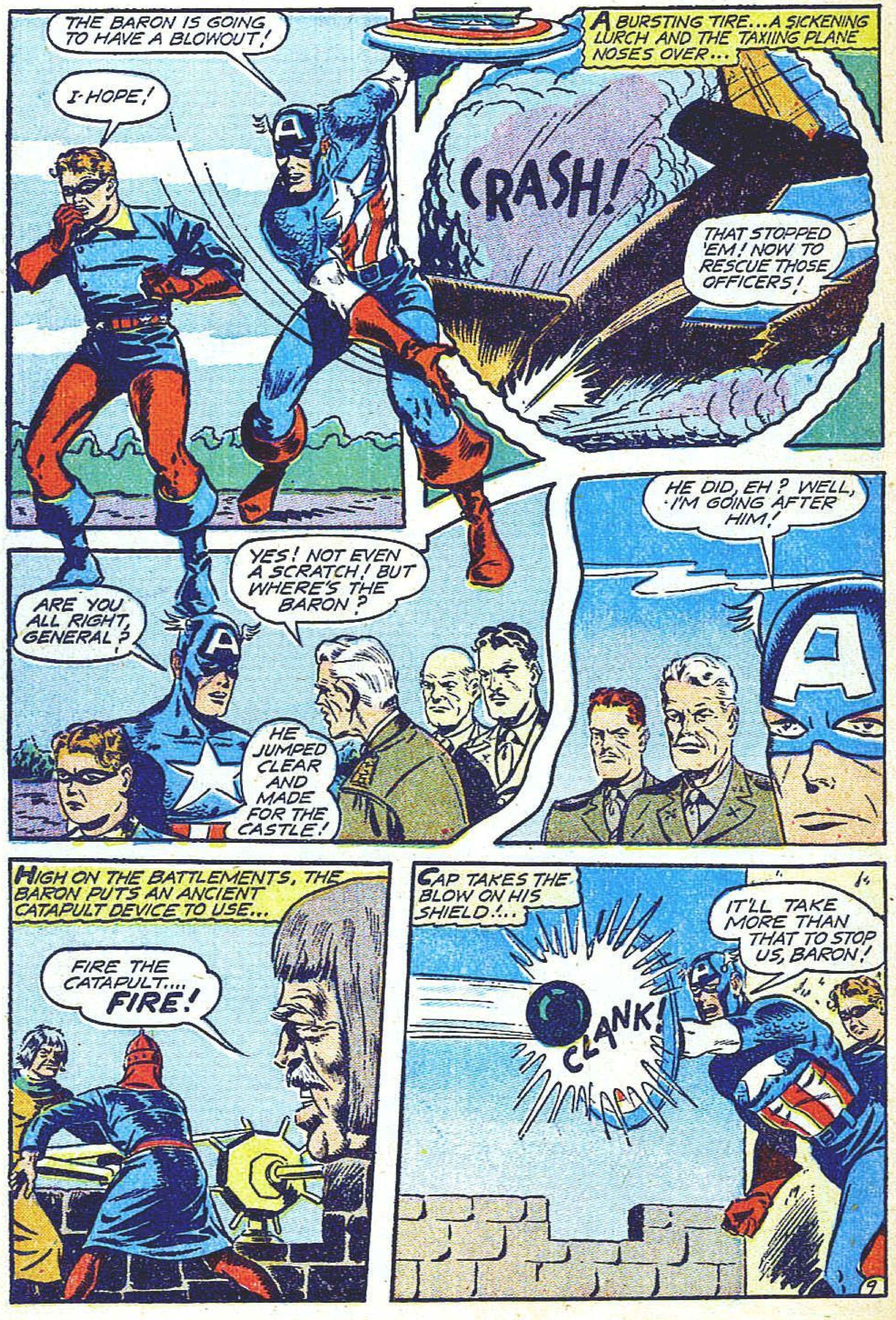

GENTLEMEN! A TOAST! TO OUR MOST GRACIOUS HOST! THE BARON!
HEAR! HEAR!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!
SOMETIME LATER... A STRANGE DROWSINESS OVERCOMES THE GUESTS...
WHAT A DINNER! AND WHAT WINE... KIND OF MAKES ME SLEEPY...
ME, TOO...
REALIZATION COMES... BUT TOO LATE... THAT THEIR "GRACIOUS" HOST HAS HAD THEM DRUGGED...
GOOD HEAVENS! WE'VE BEEN DRUGGED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BARON... BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I'LL .... AGH!
SILENCE, VARLET!
PLEASANT DREAMS!
WHAT A CATCH! AND IT WAS SO EASY! THEY WALKED RIGHT INTO MY TRAP! HA! HA! HA!
MEANWHILE.. OUT SIDE THE BANQUET HALL DOOR...
HEY, STEVE! I'M HUNGRY! WHEN DO WE EAT?
PRETTY SOON I GUESS! IT'S AWFULLY QUIET INSIDE! THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
4.

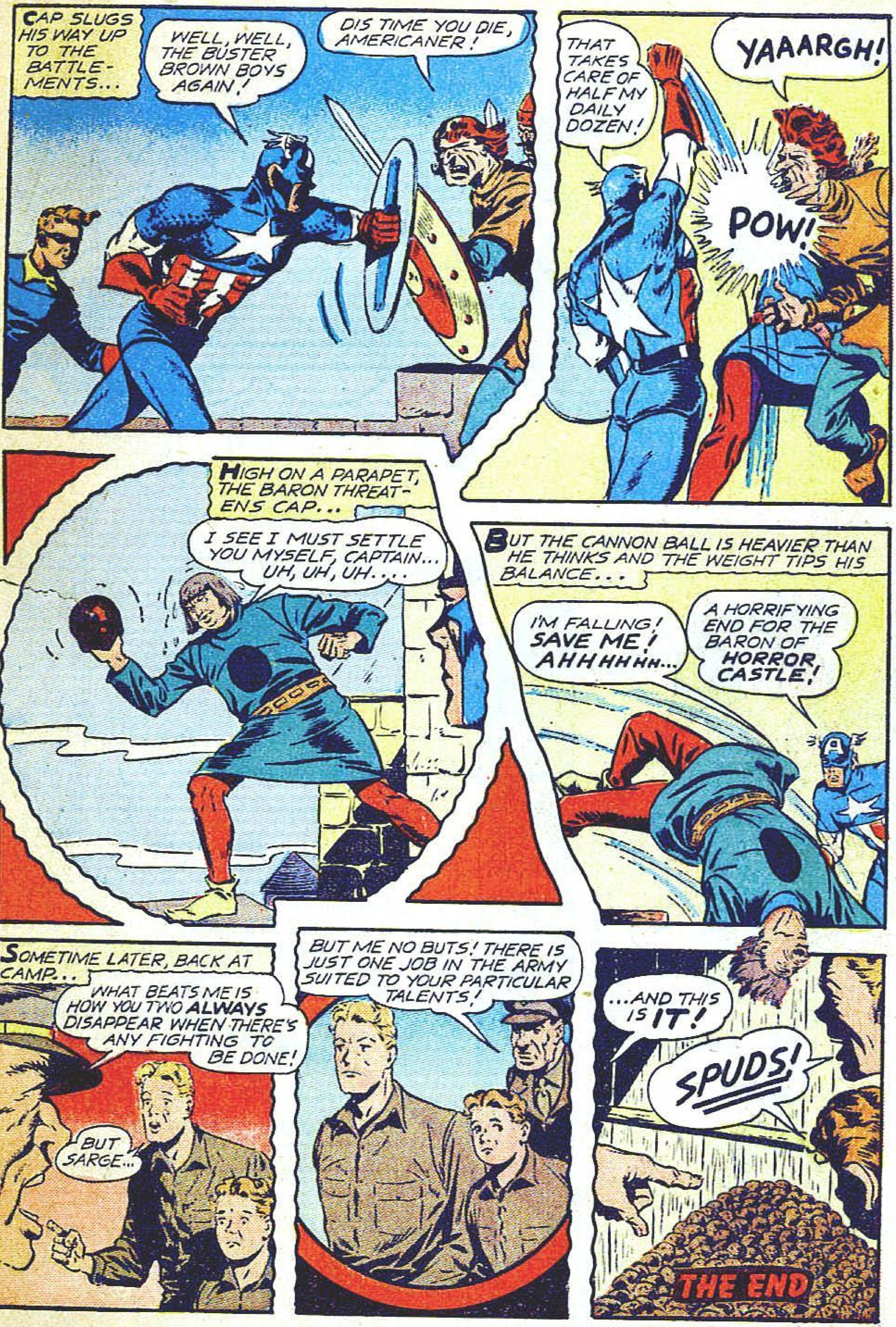

THE PLACE IS EMPTY! SOMETHING SMELLS FISHY, AND I DON'T MEAN THE FOOD! WHA?
DIE, KNAVE!
STEVE! WATCH OUT!
FINE WAY TO TREAT A GUEST!
EE-ARGHHH!
POW!
STEVE AND BUCKY DO A QUICK CHANGE TO REVEAL **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY**..
STICK WITH ME, LAD! THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!
STEVE'S ASSAILANT MEANWHILE RECOVERS AND ....
HERR BARON! THE TWO AMERICAN GUARDS HAFF ESCAPED!
BLOCKHEAD! YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!
YOU WILL BE THROWN TO THE MAN-EATING PIRAYA FISH IN THE POOL!
HERR BARON, S-SURELY YOU'RE JOKING!
HERR BARON! **NO! NO! EEEEEE!**
IN WITH HIM! THOSE CANNIBAL FISH WILL STRIP THE FLESH FROM A HUMAN BODY IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!
THAT'S FINISHED HIM! THUS TO **ALL** WHO FAIL ME!
AND IN A FEW MOMENTS..


WITH THOSE TWO AMERICAN GUARDS AT LARGE, WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE! GET THE PLANE READY! WE MUST GET THOSE OFFICERS TO GERMANY AT ONCE!
BUT SCARCELY HAS THE BARON SPOKEN WHEN A THUNDERBOLT BURSTS IN UPON HIM....
CAPTAIN AMERICA! THOSE BLASTED GUARDS MUST HAVE SPREAD THE ALARM!
GERMANY, EH! OKAY, NAZI RATS!
AND THE THUNDERBOLT STRIKES..
YAHOO!
I'LL GET THE YOUNG 'UN!
OW!
STRIKE HIM DOWN! OOF!
LET'S GO, BUCKY!
URP!
NOT THIS YOUNG 'UN, PAL!
WOK!
A PRETTY FEEBLE RECEPTION COMMITTEE, BOYS!
ZUNK!


AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS AGAINST HIS HENCHMAN, THE BARON TAKES A HAND....
THIS MACE WILL CRACK HIS SKULL LIKE AN EGGSHELL!
BUT CAP, BUSILY ENGAGED, FAILS TO SEE THE FLYING MACE, AND..
K-RACK!
OH-H-H!
BUCKY TRIES TO HELP, BUT IS QUICKLY LAID LOW...
SCHWEIN HUND!
GOOD WORK, FRITZ!
BOP!
CAP! CAP! ARE YOU HURT--- OW!
ON COMING TO, CAP AND BUCKY FIND THEMSELVES SECURELY BOUND...
NOW, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY OF MY CASTLE.. NOT AS A DINER, BUT AS THE MAIN COURSE! THROW THEM TO THE PIRAYA FISH!
HURRY! TO THE PLANE!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL, CAP!
COURAGE, LAD!
HERE THEY COME, CAP!
THAT SWORD! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE!
WHEN SPLIT SECONDS COUNT...


THE KEEN BLADE QUICKLY SEVERS THE ROPE...
IT WORKED!
WITH A MIGHTY SURGE, CAPTAIN AMERICA LIFTS HIMSELF OUT OF THE POOL...
GOT TO HURRY AND GET BUCKY OUT...
...AND WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT HURLS BUCKY UP...
UP YOU GO, LAD!
WHEW!
I'LL NEVER BE ANY CLOSER TO FISH BAIT THAN I WAS THEN!
NOW FOR THAT MURDERING SWINE, THE BARON!
MEANWHILE, THE BARON PREPARES TO TAKE OFF WITH HIS PRISONERS...
WE HAVE NOTHING MORE TO FEAR! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE SKELETONS BY THIS TIME! IN A FEW MOMENTS WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY TO GERMANY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! ALIVE! STEP ON IT!
THERE GOES THE PLANE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
CAP AND BUCKY BURST IN UPON THE SCENE!


THE BARON IS GOING TO HAVE A BLOWOUT!
I-HOPE!
A BURSTING TIRE...A SICKENING LURCH AND THE TAXIING PLANE NOSES OVER...
CRASH!
THAT STOPPED 'EM! NOW TO RESCUE THOSE OFFICERS!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, GENERAL?
YES! NOT EVEN A SCRATCH! BUT WHERE'S THE BARON?
HE JUMPED CLEAR AND MADE FOR THE CASTLE!
HE DID, EH? WELL, I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
HIGH ON THE BATTLEMENTS, THE BARON PUTS AN ANCIENT CATAPULT DEVICE TO USE...
FIRE THE CATAPULT.... FIRE!
CAP TAKES THE BLOW ON HIS SHIELD!...
CLANK!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO STOP US, BARON!


CAP SLUGS HIS WAY UP TO THE BATTLEMENTS...
WELL, WELL, THE BUSTER BROWN BOYS AGAIN!
DIS TIME YOU DIE, AMERICANER!
THAT TAKES CARE OF HALF MY DAILY DOZEN!
YAAARGH!
POW!
HIGH ON A PARAPET, THE BARON THREATENS CAP..
I SEE I MUST SETTLE YOU MYSELF, CAPTAIN... UH, UH, UH....
BUT THE CANNON BALL IS HEAVIER THAN HE THINKS AND THE WEIGHT TIPS HIS BALANCE...
I'M FALLING! SAVE ME! AHHHHhh...
A HORRIFYING END FOR THE BARON OF HORROR CASTLE!
SOMETIME LATER, BACK AT CAMP...
WHAT BEATS ME IS HOW YOU TWO ALWAYS DISAPPEAR WHEN THERE'S ANY FIGHTING TO BE DONE!
BUT SARGE...
BUT ME NO BUTS! THERE IS JUST ONE JOB IN THE ARMY SUITED TO YOUR PARTICULAR TALENTS!
...AND THIS IS IT!
SPUDS!
THE END

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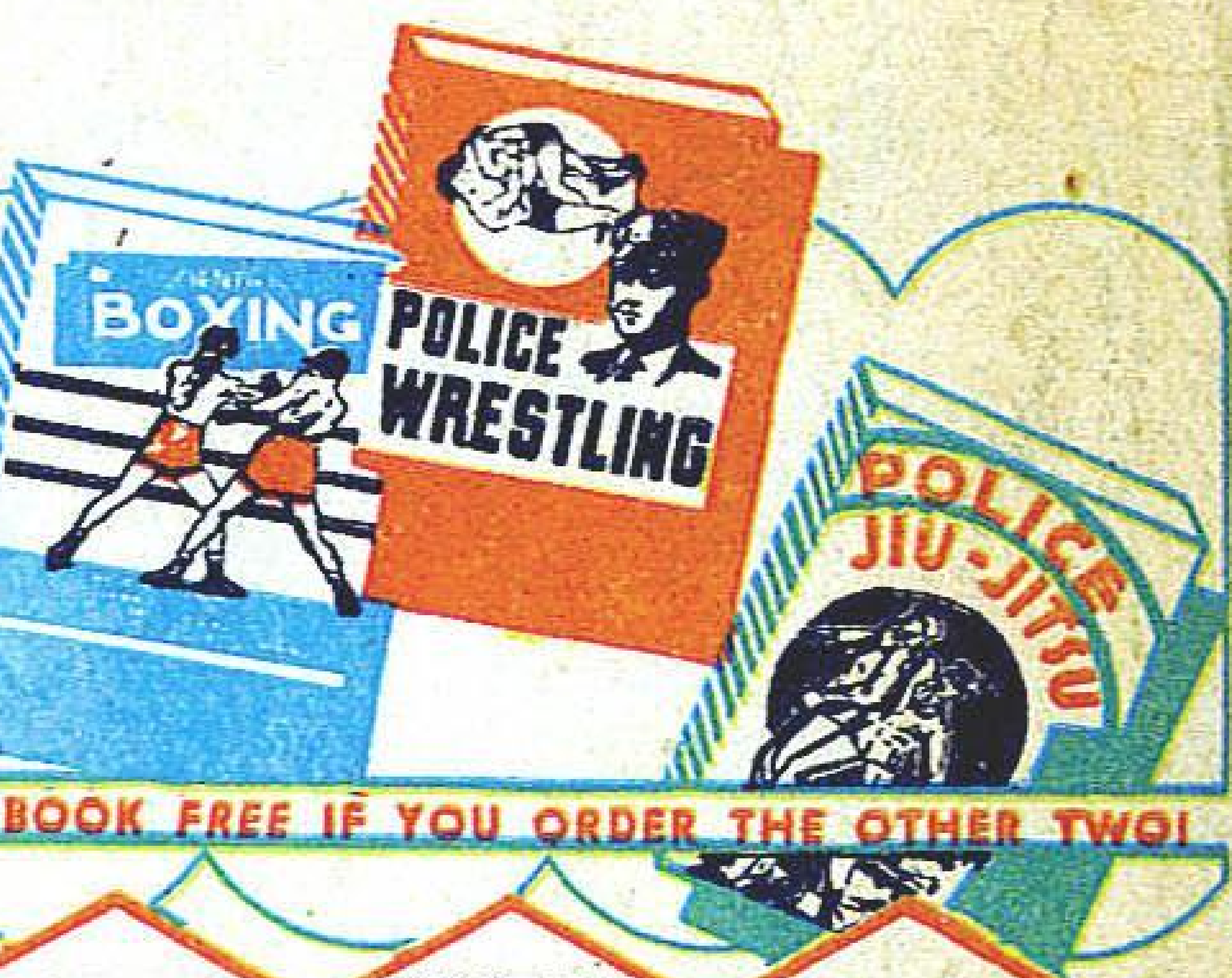

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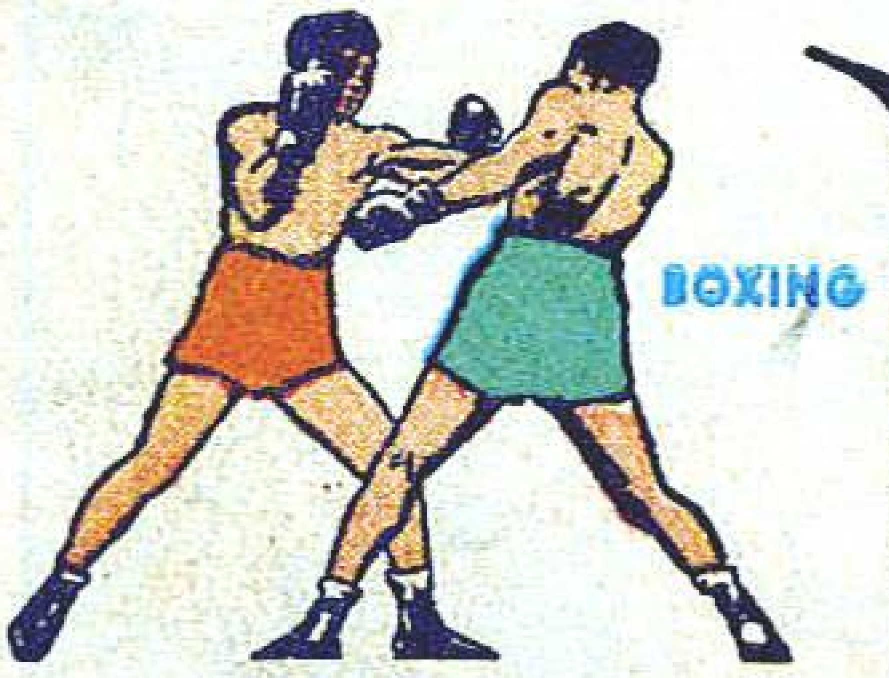

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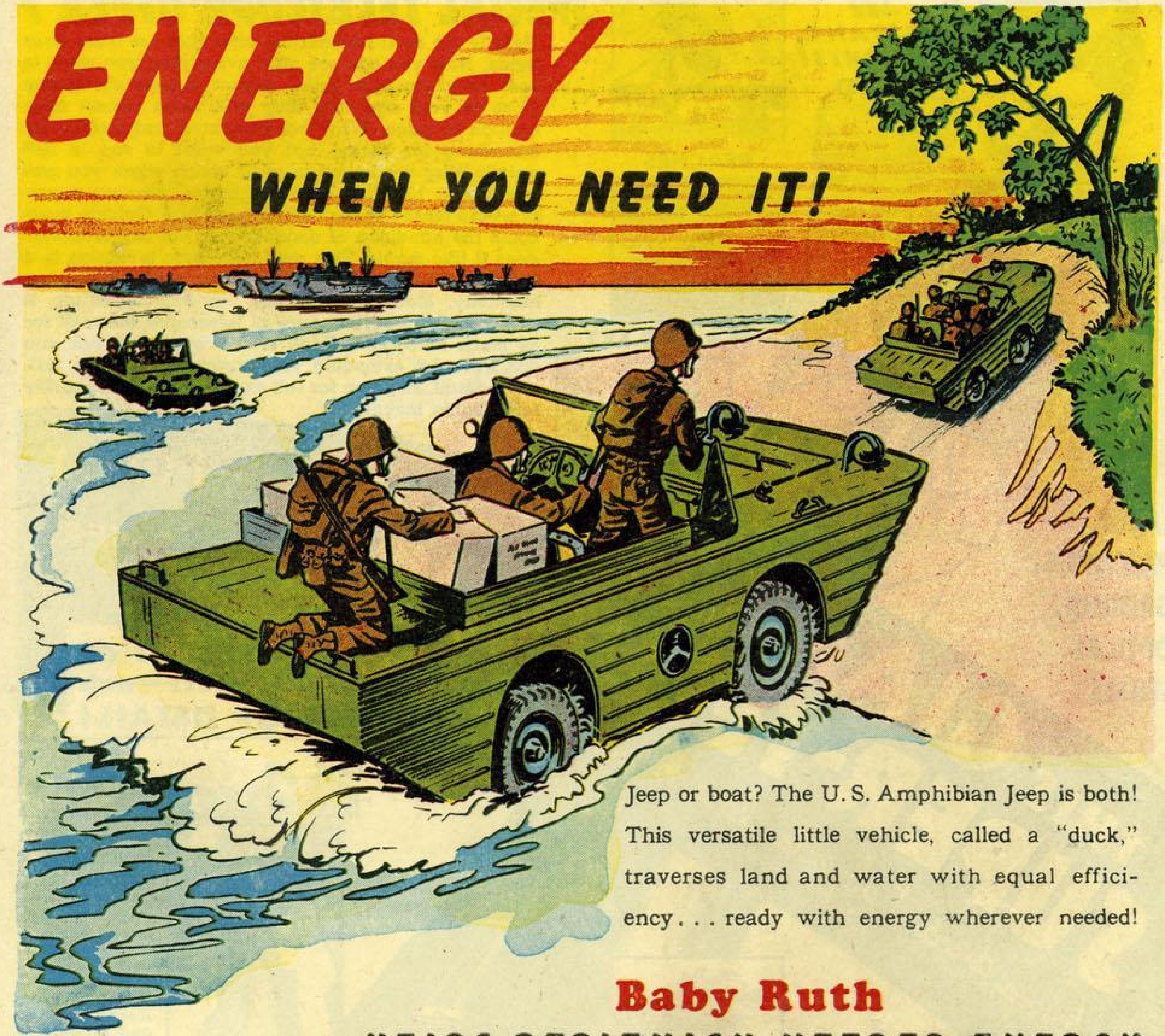

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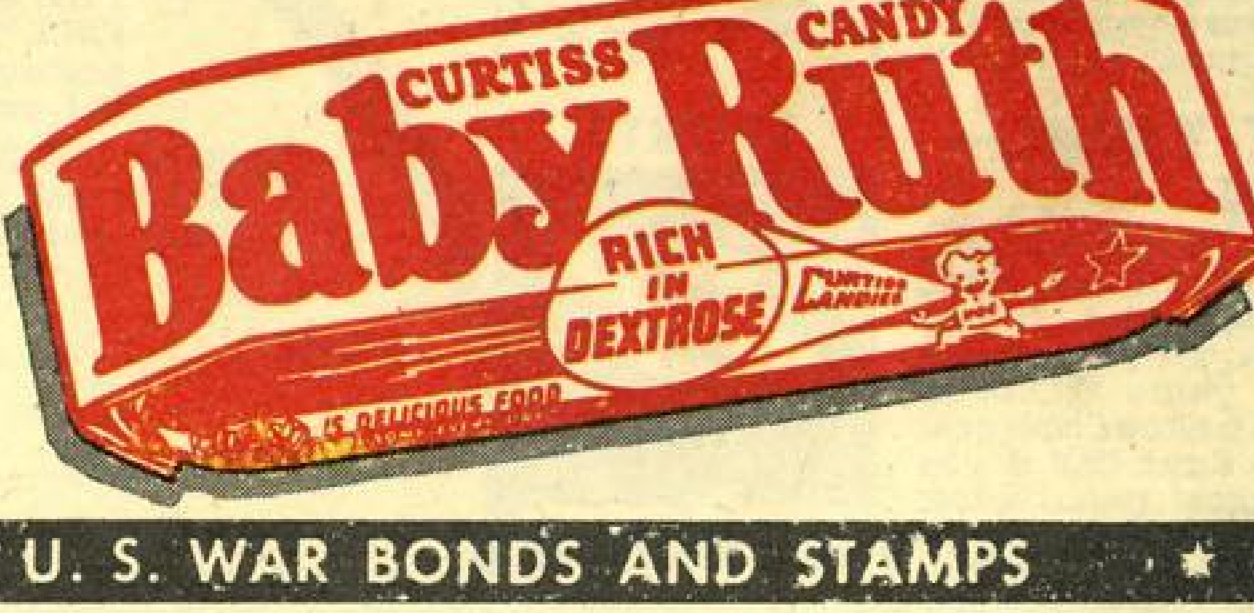

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